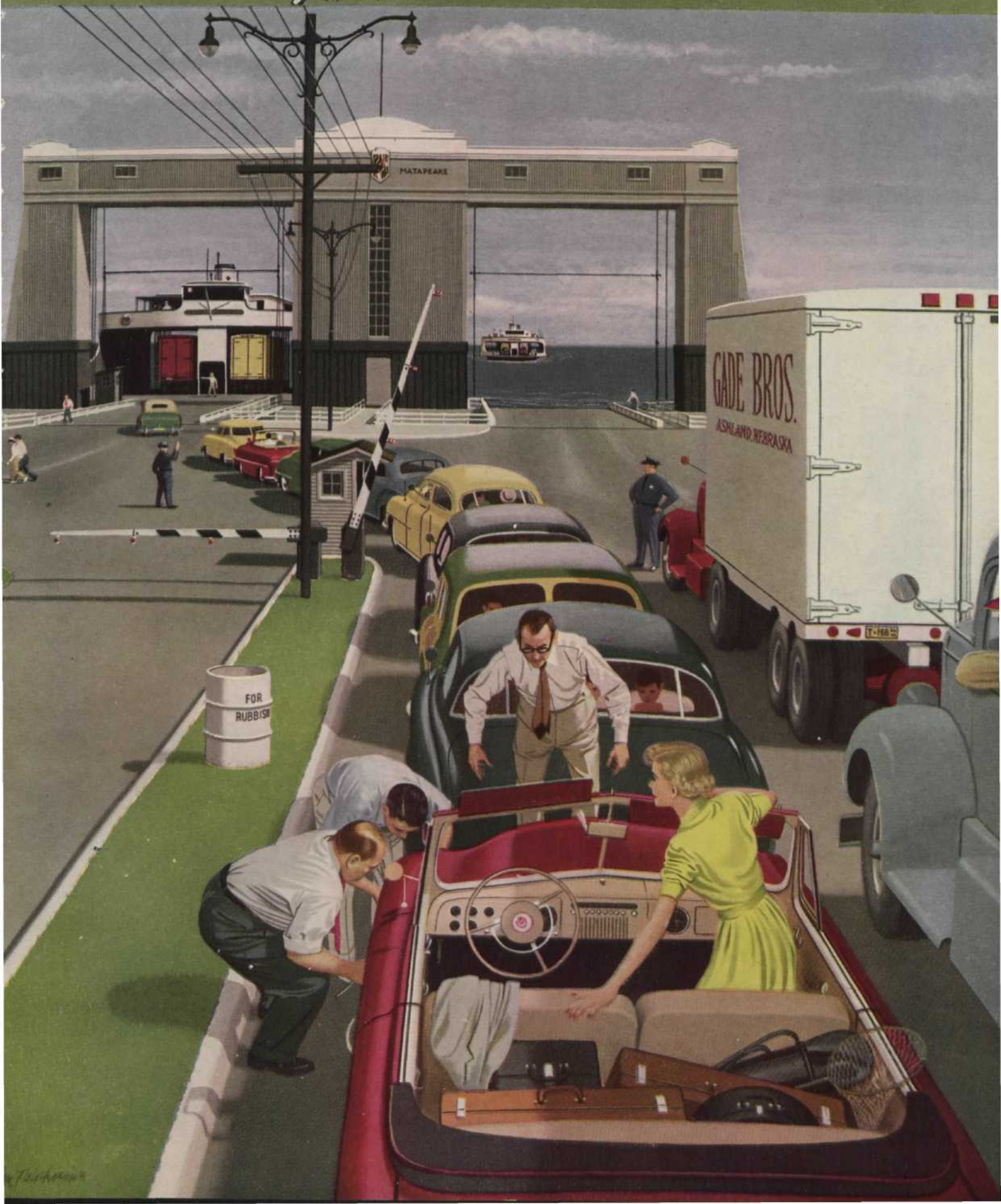
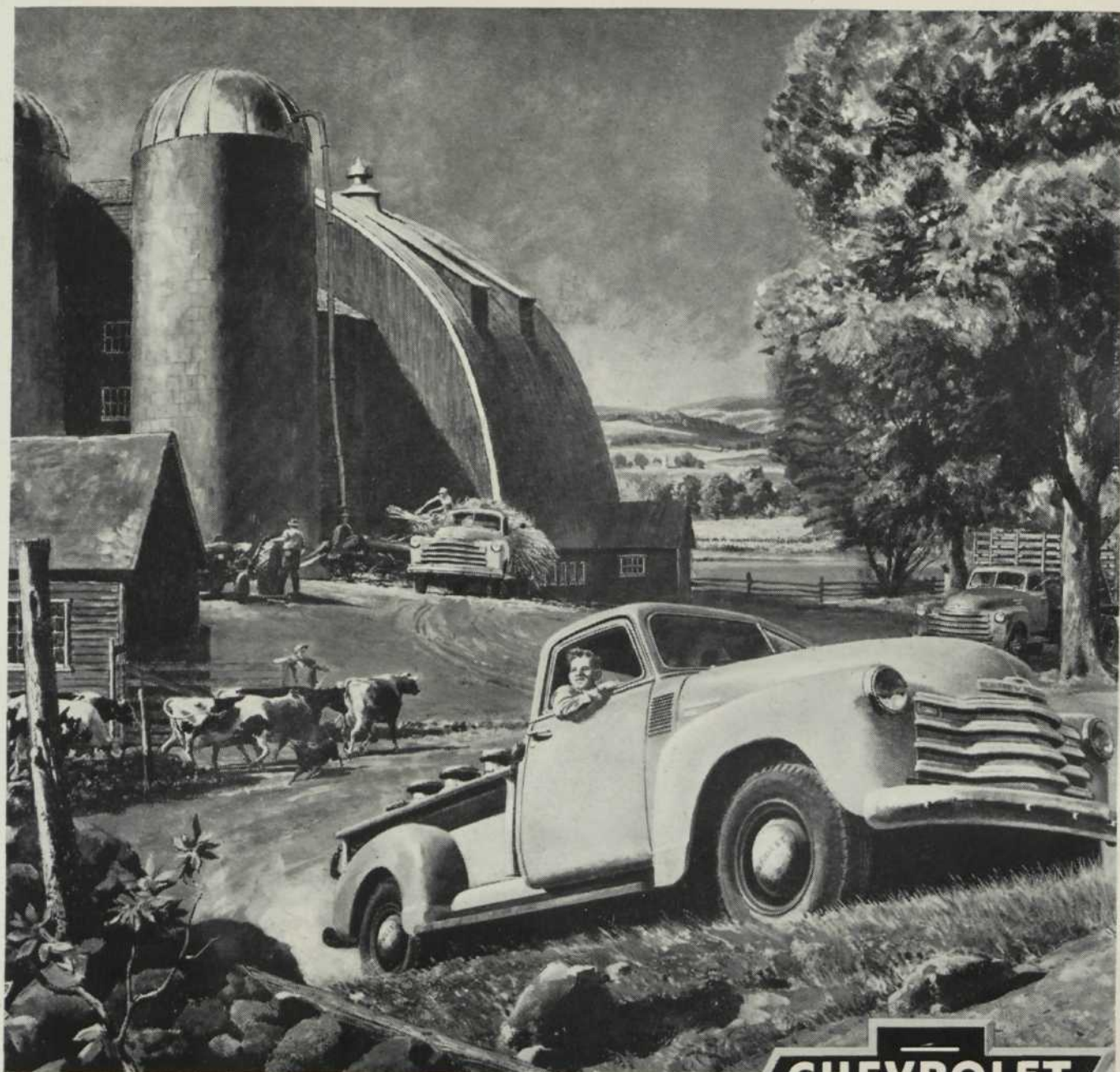


SEPTEMBER 1950

# Nation's BUSINESS







## P\*PRICE L\*LEADERS

Any way you look at it, Chevrolet's your best truck investment. The plain and simple truth is that Chevrolet trucks rate first in all-round savings. And your savings only begin with Chevrolet's low initial price. Chevrolet's operating cost is right at rock bottom, too. Then Chevrolet trucks are traditionally famous for low maintenance costs. They're really rugged . . . built to stay on the job day after day, year after year. Now add extra high trade-in value to all this and you get the best buy in the business . . . Chevrolet Advance-Design trucks!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

# P\*L

## ADVANCE-DESIGN TRUCKS

## P\*PAYLOAD L\*LEADERS

For low operating costs per ton mile, smart buyers choose Chevrolet trucks. Designed to cut running and repair costs, their solid, rugged construction lets you deliver the goods with real reductions in operating expense.

## P\*PERFORMANCE L\*LEADERS

The most powerful Chevrolet trucks ever built! Your choice of two great Valve-in-Head engines gives you high pulling power over a wide range of usable road speeds—high acceleration to cut down total trip time.

## P\*POPULARITY L\*LEADERS

Chevrolet trucks have led in demand and sales for the last eight consecutive truck production years . . . are far ahead again this year according to current registration figures. Here's convincing proof of greater owner satisfaction.





## *There's Action in JACKSON!*

This year a dozen industrial concerns in Jackson, Michigan, are enlarging their factories to permit larger output—an indication of the favorable 'climate' that industry finds in Jackson.

Jackson is blessed with numerous and diverse industries. Scores of small and moderate-size factories . . . and some large ones . . . make products ranging from flavoring extracts and toys to tires and television sets. Many of Jackson's products are automotive goods, since Detroit, Flint, Lansing, Pontiac and Toledo are not more than two hours distant. But Jackson also makes farm tractor drives, corsets, surgical supports, airplane parts, candy, lawn mowers, grinding wheels, gas- and oil-fired heating equipment, underwear, sleeping garments, and many other products. Because of this city's accessibility, the principal office of Consumers Power Company is here. From Jackson the company's officers and staff direct its electric and natural gas operations in 56 Michigan counties.

Jackson is the only city in a county of 107,124 people. It is the trading center for an area that includes some of Michigan's best farmlands. It is a major distribution center.

Jackson has magnificent parks and four fine public and private golf courses. Cascades Park, with its illuminated waterfalls, is world-famous. Fishing and hunting abound nearby. The State-operated Waterloo Recrea-

tion Area contains 13,428 acres of lakes, streams, forests and fields. The University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and Michigan State College at East Lansing are less than 40 miles away.

You'll find satisfaction in Jackson—a good place to work and live, a great place to locate an industry or a business. May we supply further information?

### *Check These Advantages of Outstate Michigan*

- ★ Exceptionally High Percentage of Skilled Workers
- ★ In the Great Market Center of America
- ★ Wide Range of Manufacturing Parts, Materials and Supplies
- ★ Many Basic Materials Right at Hand
- ★ No State Income Tax      ★ Unlimited Fresh Water Supply
- ★ Desirable Plants and Plant Sites
- ★ Dependable Electric and Natural Gas Service at Fair Rates
- ★ Excellent Living Conditions and Cultural Opportunities
- ★ Woods and Lakes That Have Made This a Foremost Vacation Area





**Mr. Businessman:**

# **THE DOCTORS OF AMERICA INVITE YOU TO** *Come on in!*

*At a time when Americans are defending freedom from aggressive outside attack, the medical profession believes all business and industry will welcome this opportunity to join in an outspoken defense of freedom on the home front.*

Millions of Americans, through more than 10,000 civic organizations, already have voiced emphatically their opposition to Socialized Medicine, the proven forerunner of a Socialized State.

**During the week of October 8, American doctors will place a 70-inch advertisement—reaffirming their faith in all American freedoms—in every daily and weekly newspaper of paid general circulation in the country. Ten thousand newspapers, 30 National magazines, and more than 1,000 radio stations will carry the message to all Americans.**

## **CHAIN REACTION—FREEDOM STYLE**

The medical profession's \$1,000,000 advertising campaign is designed to tell every American the truth about State Socialism and the truth about the achievements of our voluntary medical care system. The campaign affords a splendid opportunity for business to tell its story, too.

On this strong foundation, all friends of freedom can build an impressive volume of tie-in advertising. Every newspaper will be supplied with mats and suggested copy for appropriate ads. Radio stations will have similar aids in planning the most effective presentation of your message.



**AMERICANS WHO CARE** about America are learning that you don't have to drift with the foreign tide of State Socialism. You can buck it!

The doctors of America have proved it. When the threat of Socialized Medicine became ominous two years ago, they took their story direct to the people. The people, by the millions, responded with a grass roots mandate unprecedented in our history.



*For information about tie-in advertising, address:*

**(NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES)**

Lockwood-Shackelford Advertising Agency  
57 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Illinois

**(RADIO)**

Russel M. Seeds Company  
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

## **JOIN THE FREEDOM ROLL CALL**

**THE VOLUNTARY WAY IS THE AMERICAN WAY!**

**NATIONAL EDUCATION CAMPAIGN  
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION**



# A Business



## With 200,000



# Employee-Owners



**NOW MORE THAN 200,000 BELL TELEPHONE EMPLOYEES  
ARE AMONG THE 970,000 OWNERS OF THE BELL SYSTEM**

**A Business Democracy**—The telephone business is an outstanding example of a business democracy. Nearly everybody uses the telephone. More than 550,000 men and women operate the business. And 970,000 people own it.

**Big Gain in Employee Stockholders**—About one American Telephone and Telegraph Company stockholder in every five is a telephone employee. These 200,000 men and women think enough of the business to in-

vest their savings in it. In the next year or so, many thousands of other employees will complete payments on stock under the Employee Stock Plan.

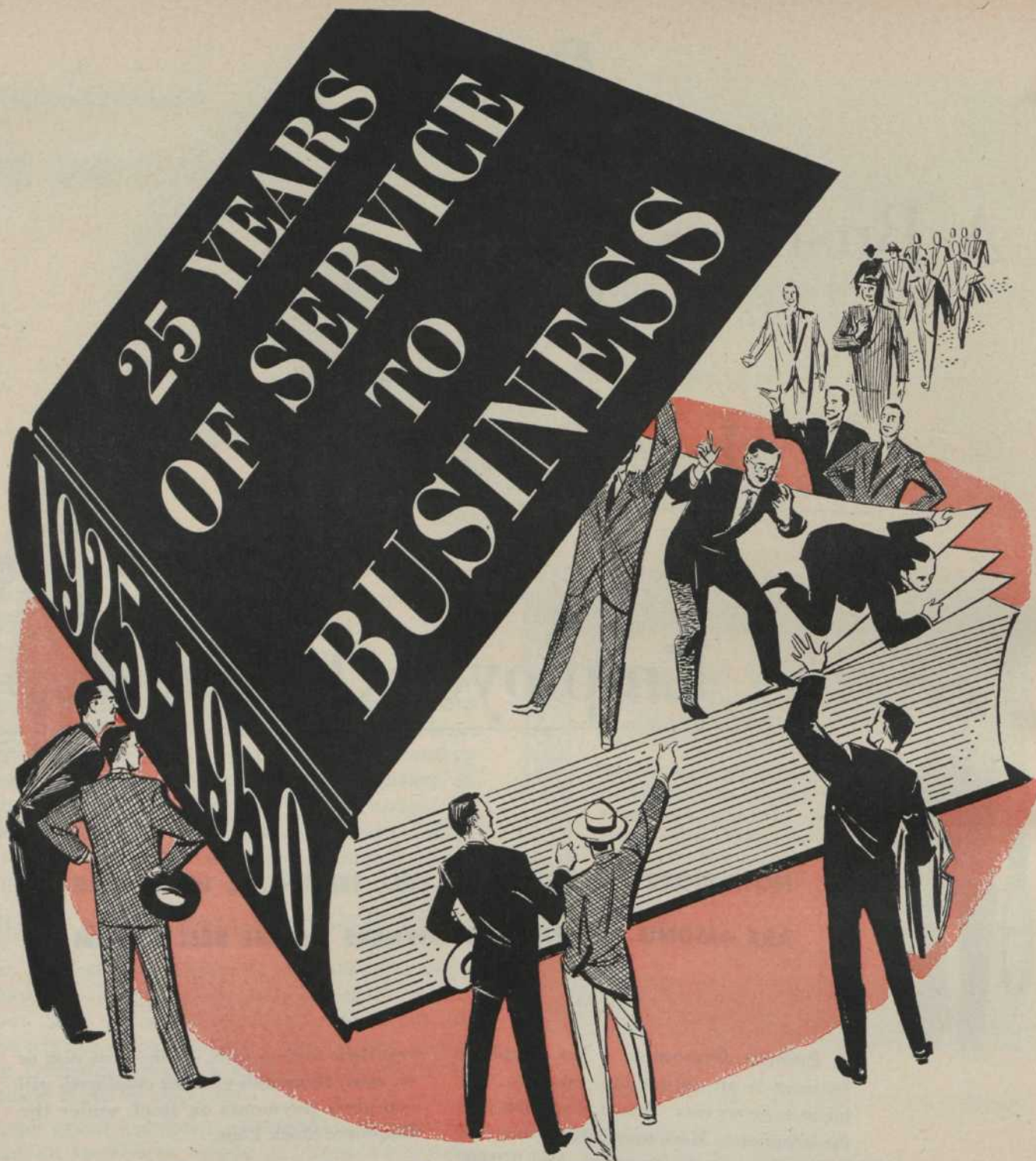
**Good for Telephone Users**—It's the investments of hundreds of thousands of small stockholders in all walks of life in every section of the country—all put together—that provide the dollars that build, improve and expand the best telephone system in the world for you to use at low cost.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



*About one family in every fifty in the United States now owns A. T. & T. stock.  
No other stock is so widely owned by so many people.*





**"Let's Look at the Record"**

... a vast volume of experience in solving business problems of more than 23,000 clients.

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SAN FRANCISCO 2



# Nation's Business



PUBLISHED BY

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

VOL. 38

SEPTEMBER, 1950

No. 9

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## CIRCULATION OF THIS ISSUE 695,000

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## It pays to do business in New York State!

Need to be near suppliers? The Empire State produces a multitude of processed and semi-processed materials and equipment. New York's extensive transportation network puts its 59,400 factories at your doorstep—plus the resources of the entire nation and, in fact, of the world. New York is in the center of your major markets. These factors will make your total transportation bill lower in New York State than anywhere else. For more facts, write: N. Y. State Dept. of Commerce, Room 150, 112 State Street, Albany 7, New York.

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Send me illustrated information about addressing with a mimeograph.  
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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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HIS PLANT HAS A  
BURGLAR ALARM  
SYSTEM BUT HE  
CARRIES BURGLARY  
INSURANCE

HIS CREDIT RISKS  
ARE "SAFE AND  
SOUND" BUT HE  
INSURES HIS  
ACCOUNTS  
RECEIVABLE



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**GUARANTEES PAYMENT OF ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE**

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES OF  
THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

## ABOUT OUR AUTHORS

WHEN REVERE McVAY was covering sports for the San Francisco *Chronicle* before the war he found that the full treatment of his name, Ignatius Revere McVay, was too long for a printer to set in a one-column space. Accordingly, he was billed as plain "I. R. McVay." Since then juggling his by-line has become a habit.



In a brief stint as publicity man for St. Mary's College, where he was once an all-Pacific Coast tackle, he tossed all seven syllables at the press. As a correspondent for the *Marine* magazine, *Leatherneck*, and later as associate editor of *True*, the initialed version came in for a play. And now as a fledgling free lance he goes by the name of Revere, though last fall he fell briefly into his old press agent ways when an old teammate, Red Strader, coach of the New York Football Yankees, asked him to handle the club's publicity. Now he wonders, "Could I be making a mistake by not using the whole works on editors?"

THERE are few facets of the writing trade that HOLMES ALEXANDER has not tried. He has been a reporter, biographer, novelist, magazine fictioneer and editorial writer. Not all of Alexander's varied career, however, has been in journalism. Shortly after his graduation from college he plunged into politics and became a member of the Maryland legislature—at the age of 24. And during World War II he served with the Air Corps.

After the war Alexander joined the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*, but left there to preside as senior staff editor of Kiplinger's magazine. He has now moved on to become a full-time Washington columnist.

BORN in Kansas when game was plentiful, RAY HOLLAND has been following a shotgun around the country ever since. That is, when he hasn't been fishing. To pursue



such a coveted career, Holland soon learned, takes money and writing about what he had seen and done was an easy way for him to do it.



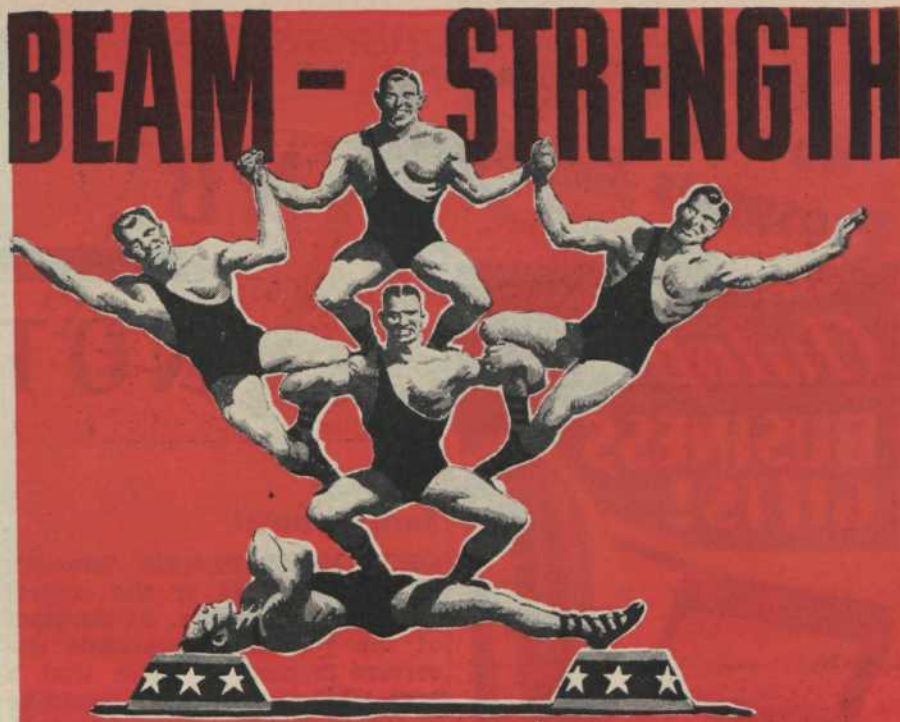
"Before I got to running a type-writer steady," relates Holland, "I worked in a foundry, a hardware store, a lumber yard and a saddlery. After that I edited the publications of the

American Game Protective Association and later became its president; then came a long stretch—more than 20 years—as secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, and for 18 years I edited *Field and Stream*. Now and then little jobs slipped in such as editing the game and hunting terms in Webster's big dictionary, but I never let any of those avocations interfere with free lancing."

**LYNN BOGUE HUNT** is a bird of the same feather as Ray Holland, whose story he has illustrated. Hunt, too, cast his lot with fish and game while he was still in knee pants. At five, he amazed his family by his skill at cutting silhouettes of wild creatures. As he grew more proficient as an artist, his neighbors brought him dead canaries and other pets from which to make lifelike portraits. The work led to other jobs and finally to the art department of the *Detroit Free Press*. On the side, Hunt turned out illustrations for outdoor magazines with such success that he headed for New York. There the gun and ammunition manufacturers sought him out, and what was prosperity—to him—began.

The honeymoon ended with World War I when Hunt's clients turned to war work, and he had to scramble for other outlets. But find them he did—though the 1929 depression sent him scurrying again. However, *Collier's* and *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines came to his rescue with assignments. He now has a good outlet in the art galleries painting what he likes best—the shooting and fishing scene.

UNTIL Maryland's Chesapeake Bay Bridge is completed, the vacationers and others bound for or returning from the Eastern Shore will continue to queue up for the ferry. And, as cover artist **GLEN FLEISCHMANN** suggests, locked bumpers will still be the order of the day for some.



**W**ithout beam strength—or, for that matter—without all of the strength factors listed below—no pipe laid 100 years ago in city streets would be in service today. But, in spite of the evolution of traffic from horse-drawn vehicles to heavy trucks and buses—and today's vast complexity of subway and underground utility services—cast iron gas and water mains, laid over a century ago, are serving in the streets of more than 30 cities in the United States and Canada. Such service records prove that cast iron pipe combines all the strength factors of long life with ample margins of safety. No pipe that is provably deficient in any of these strength factors should ever be laid in city streets. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Engineer, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

## Strength factors of Long Life!

No pipe that is provably deficient in any of these strength factors should ever be laid in city streets

### BEAM STRENGTH

When cast iron pipe is subjected to beam stress caused by soil settlement, or disturbance of soil by other utilities, or resting on an obstruction, tests prove that standard 6-inch cast iron pipe in 10-foot span sustains a load of 15,000 lbs.

### CRUSHING STRENGTH

The ability of cast iron pipe to withstand external loads imposed by heavy fill and unusual traffic loads is proved by the Ring Compression Test. Standard 6-inch cast iron pipe withstands a crushing weight of more than 14,000 lbs. per foot.

### SHOCK STRENGTH

The toughness of cast iron pipe which enables it to withstand impact and traffic shocks, as well as the hazards in handling, is demonstrated by the Impact Test. While under hydrostatic pressure and the heavy blows from a 50 pound hammer, standard 6-inch cast iron pipe does not crack until the hammer is dropped 6 times on the same spot from progressively increased heights of 6 inches.

### BURSTING STRENGTH

In full length bursting tests standard 6-inch cast iron pipe withstands more than 2500 lbs. per square inch internal hydrostatic pressure, which proves ample ability to resist water-hammer or unusual working pressures.

**CAST IRON PIPE** SERVES FOR CENTURIES



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Prospects Reminded**

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Autopoint  
TRADE MARK  
BUSINESS  
GIFTS!**



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Deluxe Ash  
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Retail \$3.00



No. 709-B Director Bill Fold  
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Deluxe Magnifying  
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Give each prospect and customer a useful "Autopoint" business gift. (A few are shown here.) Their daily utility will give new prominence to your sales message... day after day, the year 'round. Put this powerful force of repetition to work. Customers do more business with firms they know best.

#### FREE BOOKLET

Get this dividend-paying booklet of "Autopoint" Business Gifts. It shows how to put to work for you a tested business strategy that builds good will — increases sales profitably! Mail coupon for free booklet and quantity prices.



"Autopoint" is a trademark of Autopoint Co., Chicago

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Send free booklet giving quantity prices on  
"Autopoint" Business Gifts.

Name.....  
Company.....  
Position.....  
Street Address.....  
City.....Zone.....State.....



#### Turning point

ONCE MORE business forecasts have been upset by the critical turn of world events. At the start of the year most economic observers seemed to agree that a high level of operations would be maintained through the first half.

Doubts were expressed about the second half on the grounds that sooner or later the housing boom would relax and the demand for automobiles and other durables would subside. Moreover the estimates of plant and equipment expenditures revealed reductions.

As it turned out, capital goods expansion, or the outlays for new plants and facilities, jumped back within a few percentage points of last year after an early dip. Housing shot ahead for an all-time record. Automobile sales made new highs.

Now, of course, each one of these mainstays of a business boom will be curbed by the control measures considered necessary for waging the war and for security preparations. War expenditures usually put more "in the pot" than they take out, however.

Midyear, therefore, was a turning point, as the business prophets guessed, but on the up and not on the down side.

#### Pianola tools

MASTERS of mass production, our manufacturers now have another robot available which seems to spell out the last word in automatic output. Recently introduced by the Arma Corporation, a subsidiary of American Bosch, in Brooklyn, N. Y., the new device plays a machine tool like the old-time pianola or player piano.

From a blueprint of the desired product, a record is punched out on the "piano roll." This record is run off on the Arma machine and activates all movements of a

machine tool to which it is hooked up. Then the cutting, grinding, planing or shaping takes place without human intervention. A worker is on hand just to load and unload the machine and to see that it runs right.

The new robot was demonstrated recently before a score of technical experts who gave it their stamp of approval and let go a few gasps of amazement. Old as well as new machine tools can be "played" with the new instrument, so war conversion will be much simpler. The lag through having to train tool operators is eliminated. The cost savings are, of course, substantial.

#### Fall goods ready

AFTER SEVERAL years of bucking their supply markets, retailers this year got busy early on their fall requirements. They wrote orders quickly and shot in their confirmations soon after. The result will be that when customers start shopping after Labor Day they will find the stores generally well stocked and not waiting for things that ought to be on the shelves or racks.

This will be in contrast to last year when retailers waged another buyers' strike. When the wholesale merchandise markets opened in June, store buyers shopped around, criticized the offerings and were sparing in their orders. They were slow in confirming orders once placed. Deliveries, naturally, were late and some so late that they were canceled.

In behalf of the retail interests, it can be said that in June, 1949, there were some serious doubts about the business outlook. Manufacturers' inventories had jumped and production was being curtailed. Employment sagged so that there were "distress areas." However, it turned out to be a "pro-



ducers' panic" and the public went on buying.

The experience of the stores last fall when many of them lost business because they did not have the merchandise, induced them in part to change their tactics this year. Another factor was the strengthening in the textile markets, lumber and metals. They figured that early and first prices would be the lowest of the season.

Now war "runs" on certain merchandise lines mean that stocking up by the stores must be even heavier. Where fall goods are short, only hoarding by the public can be blamed.

### From their own

ONE YEAR AGO this month, Glenn Griswold, who had worked on newspapers and magazines and then founded *Public Relations News*, made a suggestion to the Philadelphia Industrial Editors Association. His idea was that company house organs ought to be distributed abroad just to show how our people were living. He had pushed this proposal in other talks but this time the Philadelphia editors took action.

From this area alone, 15 company publications are now going to some 6,000 relatives, friends, libraries and other distributing points abroad. The scheme is to let other people know how folks live over here—their hobbies and how they enjoy them, their opportunities and how they are getting ahead.

Griswold has died but his idea keeps marching. The response reveals many interesting highlights. In Germany, for instance, one city official was surprised that an ordinary day laborer could own stock in a big company. He read it in a company publication and concluded it must be true "because the workers would know if it wasn't."

### Cotton prospect

AMERICAN COTTON, called the nation's greatest agricultural commodity, has had to meet increased competition both at home and abroad in recent years. Synthetic fibres, once on the make-shift side, steadily have improved. Costs have been lowered, prices have become steadier.

It is for these reasons that cotton is taking a hitch in its belt. Growers are showing greater interest in mechanization. Claude L. Welch, production and marketing director of the National Cotton



## STRUGGLING ON \$100 A WEEK...

**Let's be realistic about this question of income.** Many of us grew up with the idea that \$100 a week was a pretty good salary. Nothing sensational, perhaps, but a goal to shoot at—a sort of milestone indicating progress, promising success. To the frugal family, it meant a comfortable home, some luxuries, a bank account.

But that is no longer true. Today \$5,000 a year yields the necessities, but leaves no substantial margin for savings. Consider: Since 1939 the cost of food and clothing—in fact, the over-all cost of living—has risen tremendously.

This means that you must make much more than \$5,000 a year to equal the buying power that \$100 a week would have provided just a few years ago.

You must accept that bitter economic fact; for, however violently you complain about skyrocketing costs or rant about taxes, nothing will help except *your own determination to make more money.*

### How You Can Increase Your Income.

It is obvious that superior earning power depends upon superior knowledge. But how can you get this superior knowledge? Not in office hours. No matter how hard you work, your vision is bound to be limited by the walls of the job you have *now*. Question any high-salaried man, and you'll find that he fitted himself for stepping-up by mastering his immediate job *and at the same time* mastering the essentials of the one above.

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Please mail me, without cost, a copy of the 64-page book—"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS."

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Position.....

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for the first time since Repeal

*Bottled in Bond*  
**OLD SCHENLEY**

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*America's  
Mildest*

*Bottled  
in Bond*



Rye or Bourbon  
100 proof

It took eight years to bring it back,  
and each year it got better  
and better and better!

OLD SCHENLEY MEANS OUTSTANDING SUPERIORITY

Council, has predicted that by 1951 as much as ten per cent of the total cotton crop will be produced by mechanical methods.

Some startling results have been achieved by mechanization. When applied to land preparation and cultivation and combined with mechanical harvesting, the man-hours required to produce a 500 pound bale of cotton have been reduced by more than three-fourths, Welch explains. In the Mississippi Delta, for instance, the hours have been slashed from 138 to 31.5 when two-row tractor equipment and mechanical pickers are substituted for men and mules.

On the Texas High Plains only 15.6 hours are required to produce a bale of cotton when full four-row equipment and machine strippers perform the job. The California figure is 25.4 man-hours with the same equipment. Mules and men take 107.4 hours.

### Triple taxation

CONSIDERABLE sentiment has been built up, even among legislators, for some relief from what has been called double taxation. This results when the same income is taxed twice, once as company earnings and again as personal income when the stockholder receives his dividend.

Before the Korean crisis, when the tax bill was being considered, several measures had been proposed in Congress to adjust what seems to be an unfair procedure and one that cuts down in some degree at least the funds available for investment.

The argument multiplies, though, in the case of triple taxation. This occurs when the company pays first on its earnings and passes along a dividend on stock owned by an insurance company. If the latter is earning more than its exempt percentage, then a tax is paid on the extra revenue. Finally, the recipient of insurance payments, with the exception of those paid death benefits, must pay a bit to Uncle Sam.

### Bulletin boards

COMPANY communications are getting a thorough going over in the effort to make everything work better for the improvement of employe relations. House magazines are newsmier and brighter. Pamphlets use simple English and cartoons to get their messages across.

Even that old stand-by, the



company bulletin board, comes under the scrutiny. The National Association of Refrigerated Warehouses, Inc., offers some useful "Hints on the Care and Feeding of Company Bulletin Boards." First of all, it is recommended that the bulletin board editor be someone with imagination and that he do his job on company time.

The board should be where it can best be seen. Art and color, brief copy, large type, decorative cutouts and frequent changes are suggested.

There is a list, too, of Don'ts. One rule against letting newspapers "scoop" the board on announcements of interest to the employees.

Others score haphazard handling, solid matter, stuffy style and out-of-date items. Many a board would draw a crowd and not a scanty few if these simple instructions were observed.

## Marketing research

INDUSTRY spends about \$750,000,000 a year on research to develop new products and processes. Only five per cent of that sum goes for trying to improve the marketing of the output.

Yet, as Robert T. Haslam, vice president of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), points out, 59 cents of the consumer dollar represents distribution or marketing cost. The product element costs only 41 cents.

Haslam details how Jersey Standard started a program of marketing research in 1933 which cut the cost of distributing gasoline from 40 per cent of the wholesale price to the 15 per cent of today.

While these were excellent results, Haslam believes that experimental research in marketing should be carried out on a much broader and deeper basis.

Sight and hearing are the two main appeals in selling. Touch, taste and smell are used more sparingly.

Research would determine the appropriate role of each. Wider ramps into service stations sell more gasoline but how much more no one can say specifically without experimental research. What type of billboard message catches the eye of the speeding motorist?

As a practical suggestion, Haslam recommends the setting up of research professorships in marketing in the business colleges and schools similar to those common in engineering schools.



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*...with this new Low-Price Underwood  
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*Large industrial structures...*

*... and smaller ones, too!*

The Arco Company, producer of industrial paint, needed maximum fire safety for its lacquer manufacturing division at Cleveland. It chose Quonset buildings, centering production in the Quonset 40x80 in foreground. Nitrocellulose and other combustibles are stored in nearby smaller Quonsets.



*An example of Quonset speed*

◊ **88,000 SQUARE FEET OF STORAGE SPACE COMPLETELY BUILT IN ONLY 45 DAYS** — This grain storage depot at Beresford, S.D., was part of last fall's Department of Agriculture program. More than 2,500 Quonsets were erected at 803 different mid-western locations, providing storage space for over 80 million bushels.



**NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION**





# MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

► **CONTROLS BRING** distortions to U. S. economy.

It's like squeezing a toy balloon—bulges of unexpected sizes, shapes appear.

Recall OPA days. Control orders caused some things to disappear from markets, brought endless changes in others as makers tried to comply with—or circumvent—rulings.

These were the unexpected bulges. That's the thing to watch for now—tangent results of economic distortions.

► **HERE'S TOP-LEVEL THINKING** in official Washington on economic outlook—

It's background of policies being translated into action.

It's based on premise that shooting war will remain small, isolated.

U. S. must rearm quickly to prevent spread, to avoid big war.

It's a long pull. Which is main reason why pay-as-you-go is important.

We can't pass these problems to future years because each year for a good many to come will have problems of the same kind in its own right.

Overlay of arms expenditures on boom will create shortages. But these will not be serious, across-the-board shortages.

There will be enough civilian goods to keep people "if not in luxury, then on the border of it."

Steel for arms will come from cutbacks in automobiles, appliances, commercial construction, housing, public works, perhaps others.

But these cuts, according to present judgment, will be to levels that were record high a year or two ago.

Reductions in these goods will not only free steel and other materials, but also skilled labor already housed, power, transportation, other facilities.

In this fashion arms production will to some degree displace, rather than add to, boom production.

Business volume will reach new highs. Labor, skilled particularly, will remain in short supply.

Production of arms will start slowly, gather speed as it goes along.

► **HOW SERIOUS IS** a cut in auto production from last month's 8,000,000 a year level to 4,500,000 to 5,000,000?

Not so serious, according to industry's past performance.

In 1929 U. S. produced 4,587,400 passenger cars—a record for 20 years.

In 1939 total was 2,866,796. And in 1940 it was 3,717,385.

Last year production passed 1929's record with a new high of 5,108,841.

► **FREIGHT CAR BUILDERS** will have to triple output to produce within two years rails' needs.

Cars on order jumped from 42,000 to 122,000 last month.

Although production averaged 3,500 a month for past year, railroads are losing on freight car count. They've been scrapping 6,000 each month.

There's rising talk of six-day week to alleviate serious car shortage that would develop quickly with any sudden rise in freight movement.

Six days for shippers—as well as rail workers.

Rail experts say six-day week would have effect of adding 175,000 cars to national total (now 1,728,000).

Situation points up added equipment, greater investment necessary to allow for shorter work week.

That's a cost often overlooked.

► **NOW'S THE TIME**—if you haven't already done it—to determine draft prospects of your employes.

Find how many are of draft age. Chart their skills—and train others in them. Don't delay. Labor will become increasingly hard to get.

Keep in mind fact that (theoretically, at least) draft deferment is temporary. It's intended to give you time to replace men called up.

If you may have to seek deferments for men whose jobs are furthering "the health and welfare of the U. S." get acquainted with local draft boards—those where your employes are registered.

You can get an idea from board members, clerks, of their intentions, their philosophy.

Laws, regulations covering draft come from Washington. But local board cuts and fits to individual cases.

They have real authority. Selective Service plans to keep its operations highly decentralized.

If you (as employer) are going to seek



# MANAGEMENT'S *Washington* LETTER

deferments, present reasons in each case in writing to registrant's board.

► **PERHAPS YOU SHOULDN'T** try to do it all—if you're in a rapidly expanding war-production business.

You can spread your top talent layer too thin—too thin to be effective now, and for your postwar good.

That happened to some organizations in last war expansion. Brought operating troubles during war, lack of good planning for postwar period.

Consider holding down to size you can handle best, size you can work closely with.

You can escape a lot of headaches (in many cases) by subcontracting instead of expanding—and still do the job demanded of you.

Subcontracts mean the subcontractor worries about materials, labor problems, tools, other things that otherwise would be your worries.

Branch plants usually weaken your central organization as key men are taken out to operate them.

► **YOU'RE SEEING** last year of rising dividends for a good many years. That's strong probability.

Starting with next year, dividends will be held level—or reduced by management decisions to build up working capital.

Conservative dividend policy will result from fear that larger payments would bring higher taxes, higher wage demands.

Be careful—whether or not you're in direct war industry—of any indication you are making too much profit while U. S. soldiers are being shot.

► **LOOK FOR UPSWING**, rather than drop in building, as first effect of credit controls.

Upswing comes from rush to get in under the wire, before controls tighten.

Builders think they will be allowed materials to finish work in progress.

So they create work in progress as fast as they can by excavating, pouring footings.

Their aim is not to get around control, but to get rid of inventory that quickly could become useless.

Most builders own considerable number

of lots. That's big, costly part of their inventory.

If home construction is sharply restricted, lot prices drop, land becomes slow to sell.

► **RISING PRICES**, not credit controls, will bring sharp drop in veterans' home construction.

Veterans Administration guarantees bank (or other lending institution) up to 60 per cent of loan on vets' houses.

Until last month VA didn't care whether bank required down payment or not.

Under new ruling prospective owner must pay at least five per cent down.

That makes little difference in down-payment practice, for few lending institutions made 100 per cent loans anyway.

But here's what has slowed vets' housing—

It takes two months to clear a VA-type loan through bank and VA. That's two months between application and day money is ready.

Part of application is firm fixed-price bid of reputable builder.

Few builders today will take a chance making firm bids for houses that won't get under way for at least two months.

That's because of rising costs, uncertain supplies.

► **WILL CREDIT CONTROLS** restrict consumer demand, or just shift demand to another group?

Could just shift it. Great credit expansion—which helped bring boom—must have gone long way toward meeting needs, desires of group that buys on time payments.

There's another group, overlapping, but generally thriftier. This other group holds a total of \$34,494,000,000 in E bonds—the little people's government bonds. These are same as cash.

There's chance this group will take up demand where small down payment group drops it.

Note: Credit restrictions requiring larger down payments will bring larger savings bonds redemptions.

► **SERIOUS PROBLEM** brings serious thinking at Treasury these days—how to pay back money big government has borrowed from little people.

But there's no policy yet on what to do about it.

Complicating Government's growing financial problem is fact that savings bond maturities soar in next few years.

And there's nothing in the sugar bowl earmarked to meet the bill.

This year about \$500,000,000 worth



of savings bonds fall due.

But next year effect of E bond campaigns comes into play. Maturities jump to \$1,500,000,000—including \$1,117,000,000 to pay off E bond holders.

In 1952 maturities jump to \$3,944,000,000. The 1953 figure is \$6,700,000,000. Peak comes in 1954 at \$8,500,000,000. In 1955 it slides off to \$7,400,000,000 and after that it settles at about \$5,500,000,000 annually until 1960.

Although Treasury as yet has no policy on raising the money to pay off, it's a fairly safe bet it will try to do it by selling more bonds.

Voluntary bond selling organization is maintained by Treasury in every U. S. country.

It's active, could be called into new campaign quickly, easily.

► **DON'T WASTE TIME**, money coming to Washington for war contracts.

That's advice of Munitions Board official, swamped by business men flooding into capital in search of war orders.

"They aren't doing themselves a bit of good by coming here," he said. "Nothing they couldn't have done at home."

You can get same information at Army, Navy, Air Force field procurement offices nearest you. These are spread in 70 cities.

Contracting is done through these field offices.

Your chamber of commerce can tell you addresses of those nearest your home.

Information concerning invitations to bid, bids and awards also is available at 2,000 cooperating points—your local chamber probably is one of them.

If you're interested in getting subcontracts, deal directly with prime contractors.

Nearest procurement offices can give you leads to prime contractors that might have subcontracts for plant of your size, equipment.

Business men's guide in dealing with Government is issued by U. S. Chamber. We've called it to your attention before. If you haven't already got your copy send 50 cents to U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Washington, for "Selling to the Government."

► **IS SUDDEN SPENDING** going to prepare Air Force for today's responsibilities?

Not according to the record, if the record is right.

Remember Finletter Commission? President Truman appointed it in 1946 to study air power, demands that might be made on it, report on minimum force needed for national safety.

Commission was headed by Thomas K.

## MANAGEMENT'S

# Washington LETTER

Finletter, highly competent New York attorney. He was assisted by staff of experts. Main point of their recommendations: A 70 group Air Force.

But that was long before shooting war.

Present rush is not for 70 group force, but 69—by 1953.

President was impressed by Finletter report. He didn't follow its recommendations, but he did appoint Finletter secretary of the Air Force.

► **NATURAL CRUDE** rubber prices will break in another month or two—unless war cuts off supplies.

Stand-by synthetic rubber plants being put into action will start producing sometime next month.

Will take until December, January to complete reactivation, reach production rate of 675,000 tons a year.

Compares with over-all rubber requirement of 1,200,000 tons at present.

Note: Rubber industry urged reactivation of stand-by government-owned synthetic plants for months before war brought action.

► **THERE'S ANOTHER** effect besides rates on tax collections.

That's volume. Collections will shoot up this year from both causes—rates and volume.

They would have shot up anyway, but not so much, had old rates applied to this year's record-high income.

► **BRIEFS:** Through typographical error several hundred thousand copies of this Letter last month ended section on price controls with incomplete sentence. Should have read: "Rollback to old OPA prices would be impossible." . . . Pratt & Whitney has built turbojet aircraft engine that develops 7,500 pounds of thrust. That's enough to haul a 100 car freight train. . . . Don't be misled by references to direct military needs for steel. These are small. But indirect—just as important—are great. . . . Been turned down for an inventory loan? Try another bank. Flood of applications has caused many banks to adopt blanket policy. May let you in at one, out at another. . . . Truckers say they are ready now to carry three times their World War II haul. But they worry about lack of road repairs.



"Only National has all four  
time-saving features  
on one machine!"



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—preferred by business men for years. Automatically fills in all ciphers. Permits depressing two or more keys at one time. Amounts visible before printing.
- 2 Electrified Typewriter Keyboard**  
—faster, easier, smoother . . . minimum effort. Permits typewritten description wherever desired . . . gives clear, legible, uniform impressions on multiple copies.
- 3 Posting Control Bars**  
for different jobs. Bars are readily interchangeable in seconds without operator even rising from her chair.
- 4 Complete Visibility**  
—postings, present and previous, are always readily visible, whether carriage is open or closed.

This new "Class 31" has many new automatic features that cut costs . . . on some jobs 2/3 of the posting is done automatically. It automatically adds and subtracts, or transfers amounts or balances, *simultaneously*, into any combination of totals. It has enough totals for your require-

ments, and its fluid-drive carriage travels in either direction at uniform speed.

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# TRENDS



## OF NATION'S BUSINESS

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### The State of the Nation

**T**HOSE who have even a nodding acquaintance with Arnold Toynbee's famous "Study of History" will now be inclined to recall his interesting theory of "Challenge and Response."

From a survey of all recorded history this great English scholar is led to assert that: "Civilizations come to birth in environments that are unusually difficult and not unusually easy." He then inquires whether this demonstrable fact implies a "social law" which can be stated as: "The greater the challenge"—to mankind—"the greater the stimulus."

Toynbee's conclusion, briefly summarized, is that there is such a natural law, both for the individual and for every society that has ever existed on this earth. But its operation is qualified because the challenge can be overpowering for persons and for peoples. The climate may be too rigorous, as for the Eskimos, or the human enemy may be too formidable, as were the Romans for the Carthaginians.

Some civilizations have been retarded because Nature was too benevolent or because they were never forced to resist an enemy. Others have flowered and then faded because of internal corruption, external pressure, or more frequently from a combination of the two.

The peoples who occupy the most space in the



Felix Morley

pages of history are those who have met challenges that were serious but not overpowering. They have been constantly stimulated by difficult problems, yet not subjected by forces too grievous to resist successfully. In modern history two nations have been meeting severe tests with comparably outstanding results, although their methods of response have been habitually quite different.

Americans constitute one of those two peoples; Russians the other. And both have symbols, that even their children use to vivify the quality of heroic endurance. To the one people, Valley Forge evokes a noble emotion. To the other the same determination is mirrored by the name of Stalingrad.

Few of us have either the ability or the desire to be historians. Americans, especially, are far more interested in the present than in the past, and it is a part of our strength—and also of our weakness—that this is so. But none who lives in this dividing year of the twentieth century can any longer doubt that the great challenge of American civilization is at hand. The only uncertainty is as to how it will be met.

The first results of Russia's physical attack have not been any too favorable. Candor compels us to admit that neither our troops in the



# TRENDS



## OF NATION'S BUSINESS

field nor our civilians at home were able to meet the initial onslaught successfully. The Soviet third team—for back of the North Koreans are the Chinese communists as well as the strength of Russia itself—rolled back American troops with an efficiency that no amount of reasonable excuses could conceal. On the home front, a virtual panic of wholly inexcusable hoarding did more to dislocate the economy than any amount of communist propaganda. The outlook would be dim if the general response to the current challenge were that of those women who rushed out to buy such unnecessary articles as nylon stockings.

The values of American civilization center in efforts to improve the condition of mankind. Our material advantages, including the means of self-adornment, are one result of this philosophy of life. But we must not confuse the end with the means. The American way of life is not just a matter of self-assertion. It is much more a matter of self-dedication—to the family, the job, the community, and, through the sum of all the grass-root agencies, to this republic as a whole.

This is a time for stocking up on other things than stockings. It is a time, if prices rise and television sets grow scarce, for increasing our shrunken nonmaterial assets. And, fortunately, there are many for whom that simple objective is appealing, the more so because of the confusion of the moment. A pastor of my acquaintance says that his church attendance, already good, went up further with the Korean fighting. A public librarian tells me that readers are showing increasing interest in our political heritage.

These are heartening instances of response to challenge. It is a sign that we are not placing the whole responsibility—that is, the method of response—on those who are being summoned to fight and, if need be, die.

The greatest danger for this country, in the extremely difficult period ahead, lurks in our lack of faith, and even more in our tragic lack of understanding, in the values on which the strength of this republic rests.

America was built on the sacrificial effort of men and women who crossed the seas, subdued a wilderness and brought forth an entirely new system of government dedicated to the revolutionary belief that all men are intrinsically worthy of respect. If that system of government is to endure, at least the great majority of Americans must continually prove its validity—by being worthy of respect. This means that men

must give to, not merely take from, the common pool. It is not merely “more blessed” to give than to receive. It is also essential for the continuation of the American way of life.

But the emphasis, of late years, has all been on receiving. Subsidies, benefits, pensions, bonus payments and other governmental handouts, misleadingly called “social security,” are more and more the order of the day. The theory that men owe it to themselves to win their way is even regarded as “reactionary.” Instead of believing that all men are worthy of respect—by virtue of their individual effort—we tend to say all men are worthy of support—by virtue of political action. There is a world of difference between the two attitudes.

It follows that when we seek to tell the world of our belief, the Voice of America falters. That is not for lack of money, and well we know it. The lack of faith and not the lack of funds is silencing the authentic American Voice. If we no longer have anything inspiring to say, facilities of communication are of no avail. A fleet of delivery trucks is of no value to the merchant who has failed to replenish stock.

And the replenishment of faith is an individual matter. Government can supply many things—fine schools and public buildings, parks, hydro-electric systems and tanks and guns. But government cannot supply faith. Only the individual can do that, and he must do it for himself. As Ralph Waldo Emerson says, in his great essay on “Self-Reliance”: “It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support, and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail.”

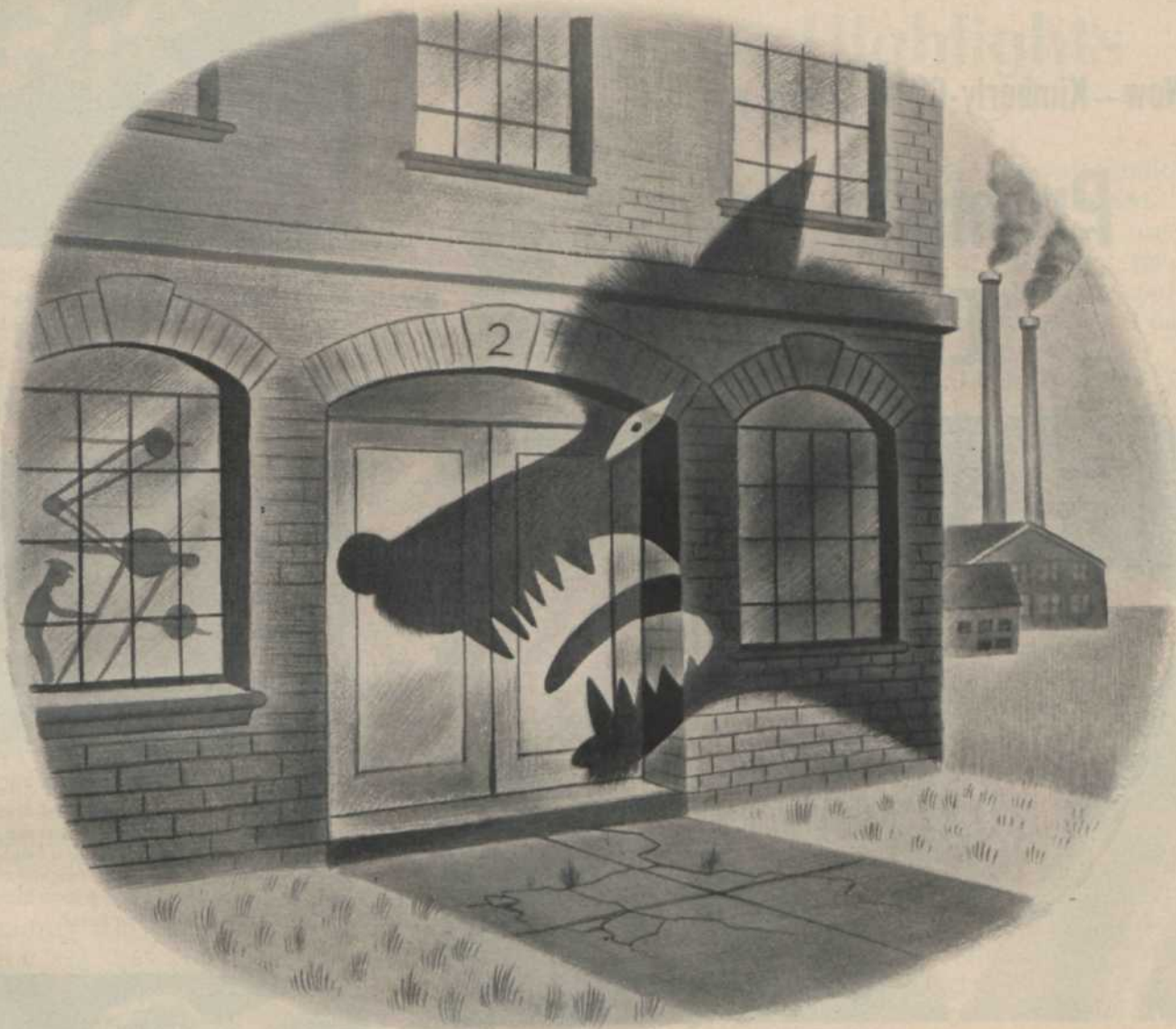
That is not the communist theory. It is, indeed, the very opposite of the Marxist conviction, to which many Americans have become more or less open converts, that the destiny of the average man is to accept a centralized direction in all of his activities.

This version of the doctrine of human slavery, and the American tradition of human liberty, are now locked in a truly epic struggle, on the field of battle as well as in the minds of men. If we have shown ourselves unprepared for the struggle in military equipment, that only parallels our even greater lack of spiritual preparation.

The federal Government is catching up with its military requirements, and that is the duty of the state. But the state by its very nature can do nothing to remedy our spiritual unpreparedness. Only the individual can do that. And by the sum of the individual effort to recapture faith we shall be able to measure our capacity to meet the challenge of a most formidable enemy with truly adequate response.

—FELIX MORLEY





## Why wait? Come South now!

Busy factories with bright futures don't worry about the "wolf at the door."

Up and down the Southern Railway System, thousands of factories *are* busy . . . *are* looking ahead with confidence. The specter of industrial pessimism is a stranger in the South.

Here industries of all kinds are thriving and expanding . . . nurtured by the

Southland's gentle climate...inspired by its unique benefits and advantages . . . encouraged by the contagious optimism of this forward-looking, forward-going "opportunity land."

*"Look Ahead—Look South!"*

*Ernest E. Harris*  
President



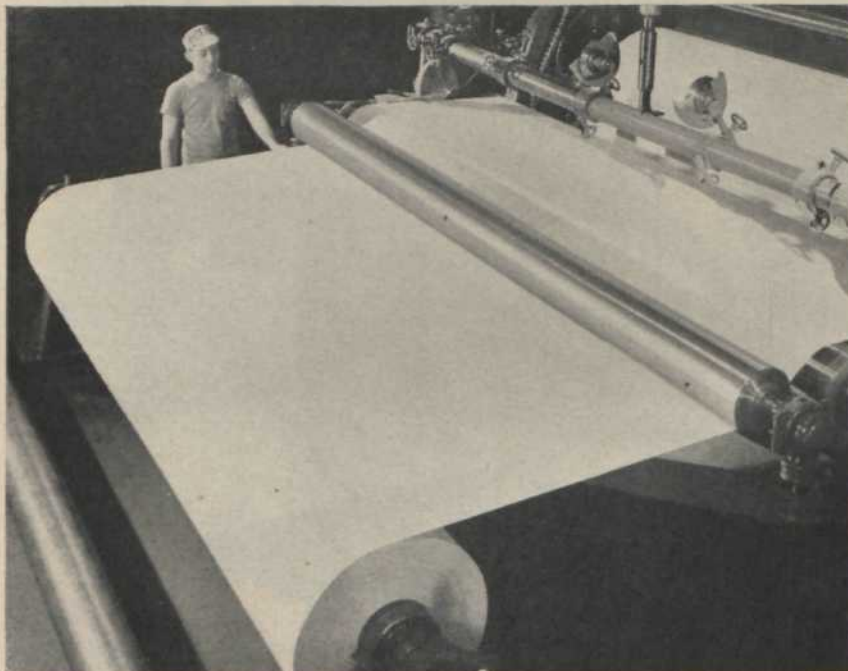
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# The Month's Business Highlights

**B**USINESS as usual is over for many a day. Regardless of international developments, business must reconcile itself to fundamental changes in the economy and to an extended period of controls and government interferences. The only question is one of degree. Uncertainties are so great that steps certainly will be taken that will have an impact on every business and the life of every individual. It is apparent that the United States no longer will close its eyes as to who is the real aggressor. This country is not so naive that it can be whipsawed around the periphery of the communist world and rendered impotent.

While preparedness here and in western Europe has not reached the stage where ultimatums can be issued, Russian plans seem to have been given pause. For the first time in history an aggressor has faced the opposition of 52 nations. This show of determination may well result in a change of attitude in the Kremlin. After Korea, and the military weaknesses it has revealed, it is regarded as certain that this country will build up its defense establishment in a way that will curtail materially the volume of goods available to civilians.

A debate, heavily weighted with politics, is raging in and out of governmental circles, as this is written, as to whether mobilization should be on an all-out or on a more gradual basis. The flight of dollars into goods attained dangerous proportions. The decision as to the extent of controls to be used will be governed by developments.

Present prospects, however, with an election coming on in November, favor halting policies that may not call for Spartan discipline, but which nevertheless will require major changes in our way of life.

Much energy has been wasted in efforts to control hoarding and profiteering by exhortation. A society built on a profit and loss motive cannot be expected to function on a social motive. Our economy is run on the expectation that anyone may buy what he wishes or may make all the profit he can. The profit motive is the heart of the free enterprise system for which we fight.

If the situation requires that these practices be changed it will have to be by law. Voluntary military service, allocation of materials, agreements on prices may have been feasible when wars involved a relatively small proportion of the popu-



Paul Wooton

lation, but under present conditions the voluntary basis is outmoded.

Strong support existed for the Baruch policy of preparing for the worst. Many believed that controls are wise because they head off depletion of stocks, wage demands, and waste in less essential activities. They argued that if developments proved that such drastic steps are unwarranted it always will be possible to lift controls. Then, too, a "peace scare" could cause a violent fluctuation in the other direction. To preserve our freedoms, they point out, we must have peace. If to win peace we must fight, then we must suspend our freedoms until we have achieved that goal.



Inflation is a foe to be feared as much as the communists. To resist that enemy will require heavier taxes and rigid controls. It is unlikely that the full cost of additional military expenditures can be met on a pay-as-you-go basis. That would occasion too great a shock to the economy. Part of the money needed will have to be borrowed from the Federal Reserve. The creation of money through the Federal Reserve would do away with the aftermath of having to support bonds.

There is talk of trying to float a large issue of E bonds that will not be redeemable until maturity.

Some help can come through the reduction of real estate and consumer credit.

The economic report of the President submitted to Congress late in July said, in effect, that the danger of inflation is greater than ten years ago because funds for military expenditures have to be poured into a pot that already is full to overflowing. The obvious inference is that if inflation is to be avoided action must be more prompt and effective than it was in 1939-41.

More use of existing government agencies with fewer new establishments is one of the features of present emergency planning. While each case must be decided separately on its merits, the plan would







## OF NATION'S BUSINESS

duties, however, which are supposed to be important to the country and should not be interrupted.

Where there are defense functions, not too closely related to civilian work, it has been thought best to set up a temporary organization. Some of the permanent agencies are not suited to functions where decisions must be made promptly and carried through with a minimum of delay.



In many respects the United States is in a better position to go to war than it was in 1941. In the ten years preceding World War II, few houses had been built and few plants had been expanded. In the past decade there has been an enormous amount of residential, commercial and industrial construction. Plant construction absorbed large amounts of materials and energy in the early stages of the last war. Additional construction now required will not draw heavily on manpower or materials. During the long depression in the '30's skilled labor had little practice and few apprentices were trained. Now the country has more skilled labor than ever before and it is in practice. The process of concentrating it on the more essential jobs is under way. The country is equipped with machine tools as never before.

Many of the military camps are still in existence. The recentness of our experience in World War II is standing us in good stead.

When the Korean emergency developed, industrial production would have exceeded the war peak of October and November of 1943 if munitions manufacture, airplane construction and shipbuilding were added at the war rate. These items accounted for 50 points on the 1943 index, but they were practically dormant earlier this year. Even without those three activities, present industrial production is double that of the prewar period. Steel production is 171 per cent greater than the prewar average. The airplane industry will not be able to duplicate its war record insofar as numbers of airplanes are concerned. Construction is infinitely more complex. It takes more working time on each plane.

Regardless of the state of actual hostilities, it is evident that Russia is determined to try to impose her system on the world by force. The non-communist world has demonstrated that it

save business the loss of key men who could act as advisers without giving up their regular jobs.

Use of existing machinery and talent avoids duplication, waste motion and loss of morale in existing staffs.

These staffs have regular

is willing to fight to maintain its way of life. The showdown between the two systems is at hand. This means a decided stepping up of war production. One of the needs being stressed most at this writing is the curtailment of credit and credit guarantees in all but the more necessary fields.

Banks are being urged to curtail loans for the less essential purposes. The housing boom will be cut back drastically. Reinstatement of Regulation W will put the brakes on consumer credit. If an all-out effort should become necessary, the National Security Resources Board, the chief planning agency, has more legislation in draft form which it believes will meet the situation best. All concerned have been consulted. It attempts to avoid the mistakes of World War II. Congress doubtless will make many changes in any of the proposals submitted.

Sacrifices by civilians will be more immediate in the present situation than they were a decade ago. Then there was unused capacity and idle workers upon which to draw. Whatever proportion of production may be needed for defense purposes now will have to be deducted from the amount available for civilian use.

Not all the sharp upturn in department store sales can be attributed to scare buying. Part of it was due to the realization that excise taxes would not be reduced. Purchases that had been deferred in the expectation of tax reduction were made quickly in the belief that prices would go higher. There also was a rush of instalment buying in anticipation of less favorable terms.

Insurance company plans for constructing and leasing rolling stock fit nicely into war planning. The railroads are much better equipped than they were ten years ago, but still 30 per cent of freight cars are more than 25 years old and more than half of them top 20 years. Materials needed for building new rolling stock will have high priority.



Industries in the Pacific Northwest have high hopes of obtaining natural gas from the new Canadian fields. Plants in the 11 western states already are using gas to supply 21 per cent of their energy needs. Long hauls and high wages in coal mines have cut its use to less than 20 per cent.

Agricultural production in 1950 promises to exceed any year prior to 1942, but it will be lower than last year and 1948. Corn, for example, promises to be the third largest crop of record, 200,000,000 bushels above the ten-year average. Cotton acreage is one third less than in 1949 and one eighth lower than the ten-year average. The carryover will make up any deficit that may be created by defense demand. Output of much-needed long staple cotton will be greater because acreage was not restricted.

—PAUL WOOTON



# "PULP AND PAPER MANUFACTURING IS OUR BUSINESS—WE'RE NOT ACTUARIAL EXPERTS"

SAYS DWIGHT J. THOMSON

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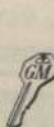
In the transportation field, General Motors seeks to develop the right power for the purpose. Thus you will find trucks built for certain types of service benefiting by GM's betterment of gasoline engines, while in other trucks you will find the latest version of the GM two-cycle Diesel engine.

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# Washington Scenes

**E**VENTS in this anxious town bring to mind Eugene Meyer's definition of a political leader: A man who is only six months behind public opinion. What we have been witnessing here is an almost frantic effort by the politicians to catch up with the people. Old-timers on Capitol Hill say they never have seen anything like it.

For the first time in American history, so far as any of them can remember, Congress has insisted on giving a President more power than he asked for. One week certain lawmakers were grumbling about the danger of giving Mr. Truman too much authority, the next they were complaining because he had not asked for even more.

The expression "all out" has returned to the Washington vocabulary with a bang. But it didn't get in there all at once.

They still chuckle in the capitol press galleries over the change wrought in some of the senators and representatives. It was noticed, for example, that when President Truman first told Congress that he was going to ask for \$10,000,000,000 for the arms-expansion program, a good many legislators winced. They had expected him to ask for only about half that. Within a week they were beginning to suspect that the \$10,000,000,000 figure was conservative; within two weeks, they were sure of it. Most of them now are reconciled to an annual outlay for rearmament of \$50,000,000,000, which is the target figure talked about by administration insiders.

Historians will note that the upsurge of sentiment for all-out controls took place in Congress the day after Bernard M. Baruch testified before the Senate Banking Committee. Baruch's argument that Mr. Truman's program didn't go far enough, and his appeal for "a ceiling over the whole economy," did indeed have a powerful effect on senators and representatives. But there was another and even more important factor at work. The legislators had been hearing from the people back home, and they began to detect a vast dissatisfaction in the land, not only with rising prices but with the whole national defense picture.

So far as it is now reflected here, that dissatisfaction is summed up in a phrase—"tired of being pushed around." The American people are not used to being pushed around, at home or anywhere else, and neither are they used to being



Edward T. Folliard

placed everlastingly on the defensive.

The Truman doctrine, the Marshall plan, the North Atlantic pact—these historic instruments, admirable and farsighted though they may be, all came into being as a result of actions by Russia. Sometimes these actions have been negative, as when Stalin refused to go along on a German peace treaty and thus start Europe on the road to economic recovery. Sometimes they have been bold and positive, as when he grabbed Czechoslovakia.

Meantime, despite all of Washington's counter-moves, Russia has managed to hold onto the initiative, leaving the United States and her friends to wonder, "What next?"

The build-up of America's armed strength and that of our allies is designed to correct this state of affairs. What is envisioned now is a program with a two-fold purpose:

First, to reach a stage as quickly as possible where we can deal with Moscow-inspired aggressions of the Korea type.

Second (and ultimately), to build up such formidable military and economic power that Russia will be willing to come to the council table and settle for a live-and-let-live agreement.



There is some sentiment in Congress for a short cut, as there must be throughout the country. Why not, it is asked, drop an atomic bomb on Moscow and get it over with? Pentagon experts have two answers for that; one has to do with tradition and morals and the other with military reality. Suffice it to say that they just don't believe that an A-bomb attack on Russia would bring the Soviet leaders to their knees.

More likely, they say, an A-bomb attack would precipitate a long war, which would see the Red army roll across the whole of Europe.

Man, it has been said, is the ultimate weapon in warfare, a truth that has been brought home in poignant fashion by the events in Korea. To say that the United States is about to become an armed camp might be an exaggeration, but this much seems cer-







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tain: Far more men than are now enrolled will have to be put in uniform before we have traveled much farther on the long, hard road that lies ahead.

Key officials who are handling the arms-expansion program are thinking in terms of a build-up that will continue for years to come—ten years at the least. There is just one “if” in their minds, and it concerns the taxpayers.

One official, talking off the record, put it this way:

“We’ve made a good start, but what worries me is this: What happens after Korea? Will the people say ‘That’s that,’ and relax? If they do, well—.”

The official left the sentence unfinished, apparently loath to put his concern into words.

Only time will bring the answer, of course, but the record is reassuring. It shows that the collective judgment of the American people, provided the people are well informed, almost invariably is sound. It didn’t take Korea to awaken them to the need of a great reservoir of trained manpower.



The record shows, for example, that the people—most of them, at any rate—always have backed President Truman’s plan for universal training, under which able-bodied youngsters would undergo a period of training and so provide the nation with a mighty reserve. Dr. Gallup took a poll on this last year, as he had in earlier years, and found that 73 per cent were in favor of it. Parents of boys, it was noticed, were just as well represented in this majority as those who would not be directly affected.

The universal training plan never got to first base in Congress, being regarded as a political porcupine. This is a time of urgency and change, however, and something may come of it yet. A lot of things that once seemed politically dangerous are gaining in favor—the arming of the Germans and Japanese, for example, and the establishment of bases in Franco’s Spain.

Although prophets have had a bad time of it here, from Mr. Truman on down, the feeling is pretty general that there is no danger at this time of a World War III. This feeling is based on the theory—a theory presumably backed by intelligence reports—that Russia is too far behind in the atomic bomb race. She does have the bomb, of that there is no doubt; but it is regarded as a certainty that she does not have an atomic stockpile.

How long will it be before Russia does have a

stockpile, one comparable to our own? The answer to this varies. Some say two years, others guess five.

Stalin is going to busy himself in the meantime, many believe, by sending his satellites into action as he did in the case of Korea.

According to this theory, his aim would be to “bleed us white,” hoping that the American people will revolt at the tremendous cost in lives and treasure.

This sounds logical, but it does have some holes in it. For one thing, the United States is not going to rush out and try to quench every fire on the periphery, no matter how many brave words have been uttered about halting lawless aggression. It should be borne in mind, too, that if attacks come in some of the places mentioned, the Russians might find it impossible to pass the buck and disclaim responsibility as they did in Korea.

Germany is one such place. The Russians have built up a sizable military force in East Germany, with special preferment for one-time Nazis who fought under Hitler. If, as has been suggested, these Moscow-guided Germans attack West Germany, it would be regarded as a far more serious matter than Korea. It would be an open violation of the armistice terms, and the United States would have no alternative but to hold Russia accountable. That could be “it.”



The fact that President Truman, Secretary of Defense Johnson, Secretary of State Acheson, and even General MacArthur were surprised by the attack in Korea has had its effect on Washington.

Some of our best-posted officials now are frank to say that they have no idea what Russia plans for the immediate future. They decline even to speculate. Secretary Acheson, when asked at a press conference to forecast Russian moves, fell back on a remark of Charles E. (Chip) Bohlen, the State Department’s Russian expert, who served in our embassy at Moscow and was Roosevelt’s interpreter at Teheran and Yalta. He recalled Bohlen’s two sets of famous last words: “Liquor doesn’t affect me,” and “I understand the Russians.”

The atmosphere here in Washington, despite reports to the contrary, has been anything but supercharged. In the White House and at the Capitol, it has been a case of looking anxiously toward Korea and at the same time doing the day’s work.

Politically speaking, and for what it is worth, it can be reported that the Democrats have been more worried than the Republicans. Both follow the war news closely, believing that Korea may hold the answer to what happens at the polls.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD





## “It isn’t Jerry’s fault that we’re on the hook”

**MAN IN HAT:** What’s become of Jerry, Ted? Haven’t seen him around in weeks.

**MAN IN CAP:** Haven’t you heard? He’s in the hospital—automobile smashup. He’s been paralyzed and they can’t seem to find what’s causing it.

Who’s doing his work?

We had to hire a man—a design specialist—soon as we heard Jerry was hurt. Of course it’s not Jerry’s fault, but that smashup certainly put us in a tough spot.

What do you mean?

Well, you see, we’re still paying Jerry’s salary, as we should. With such a big family he hasn’t been able to lay away very much. And, of course, the new man’s getting top money. We had a meeting about it last week. But there just doesn’t seem to be any right answer.

Not so far as Jerry is concerned, Ted. But there’s no need for you ever to be in a spot like that again. You need to talk to the Travelers man who handles the insurance for our company. He drew up a Business Accident Plan for our key men over a year ago.

That’s an idea worth thinking about. Maybe I ought to see him before my next trip.

Should you stop a man’s salary (or reduce it drastically) because he’s been hurt in an accident?

Or should you continue his pay—at the expense of everyone who works in your firm?

That’s a decision you’ll never *have* to make if you have Travelers Business Accident Insurance for your key men. This insurance pays medical expenses and a weekly income during the entire period of disability. If the injury should result in permanent disability, a weekly income for life is guaranteed.

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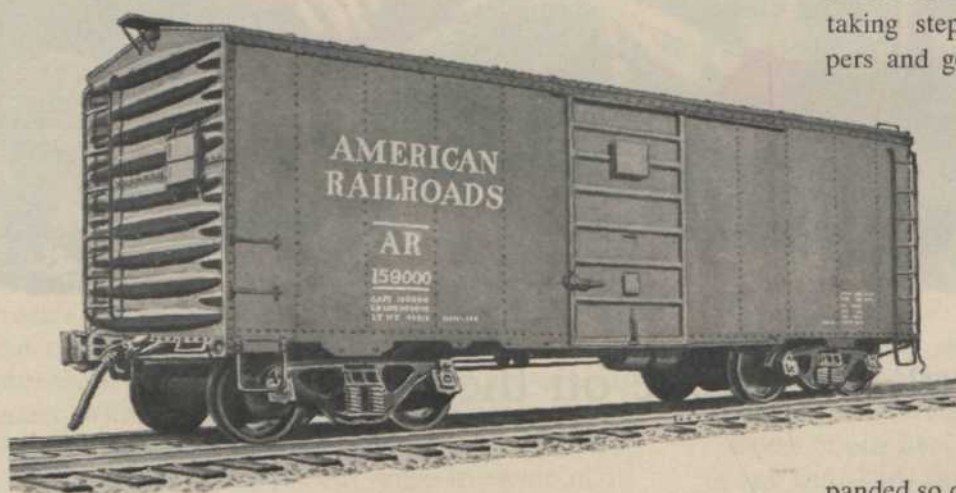
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# ANOTHER \$500,000,000 WORTH!



A far-reaching program for rail transportation — designed to meet the rising needs of commerce and the demands of national defense — was adopted by the member lines of the Association of American Railroads at a recent meeting in Chicago.

As part of that program, the railroads have placed, or are in the process of placing, orders for more than \$500,000,000 worth of new freight cars. This brings the total spent on improvements in railroad plant and equipment since World War II to more than 5 billion dollars.

In the past ten years, the railroads have built and bought 600,000 new, bigger and better freight cars, 11,000 new Diesel units, and 1,700 new and improved steam locomotives, besides making great improvements in tracks, terminals, signals, shops, and every part of the railroad plant.

In addition, railroads are speeding up the return to service of freight cars awaiting repair, and are taking steps — with the cooperation of shippers and government agencies — to secure the maximum utilization of all available cars.

The program of the railroads is an essential part of any increase in national production — *for neither in commerce nor in defense can America produce and use more of anything than can be hauled.* There is no way in which the nation's effective hauling capacity can be ex-

panded so quickly and with such small demands upon man power and materials, as by adding to the serviceable freight car fleet of the railroads.

In meeting transportation demands in World War II, the railroads enjoyed splendid cooperation from users of transportation, much of it organized and carried out through the Shippers Advisory Boards and their local Car Efficiency Committees; and the helpful assistance of an outstanding government agency, the Office of Defense Transportation. With this same sort of cooperation and with an opportunity to secure necessary man power and materials, the railroads will reach the goal to which they are pledged — adequate transportation for all America, in peace and in war.

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PHOTOS BY GEORGE LOHR

# When It Pays to Play PAUPER

By CHARLES STEVENSON

**WE MUST HELP those people who are in genuine need, but the improper use of relief funds must be stopped if national bankruptcy is to be avoided**

**A** LUMBERMAN offered to pay \$10,000 for the privilege of cutting timber on an elderly Louisianan's farm. He told how the money would enable the old man to retire without being a burden to his children. But in vain.

"I'm going to keep every tree growing to increase the value of the estate I'll leave my children," the old man replied, "and I don't need any money from them or you. Governor Long's paying me."

"You mean with this timber you're on relief?" demanded the lumberman.

"The governor calls it an old-age pension," the old man retorted. "He says we're entitled to it."

When Congress agreed 15 years ago to subsidize state relief laws as approved and supervised by the Social Security Administration, public assistance was to be predicated on proof of destitution; for persons 65 or older it was envisioned as temporary aid, with need for it dwindling as the social security insurance program matured. Today, though, the old timber owner is typical of many who are consuming relief funds that could be better spent on persons whose poverty is real.

These pseudo-destitute have swollen the rolls until *four out of every five* elderly Louisianans are on relief. They are paid an aver-

age \$47 a month with 60 per cent of the bill charged to federal income taxes. Nationally, the non-indigents help to account for two and a half times as many old-age relief recipients as there were at the outset of the "temporary" program. Already there are 2,700,000 of them, with 70,000 applications coming in by the month.

The trouble is that in some states relief funds are being used to purchase support of voters. Money intended for the deserving poor is handed out as free pensions in an approach to the premise that everyone at 65 is entitled to a government bonus.

This is engendering a public "gimme" complex which is spreading abuses through the entire welfare system. It infects subsidies which Congress makes available, in the same way as old-age relief, to needy families with children whose father is absent or in-





Often the practical effect of extending aid to the aged has been to hold intact the inheritance of children or of other relatives

capacitated. The Social Security Administration has done some, but not enough, to protect tax funds from raiders. The Congress, despite the intent of its original legislation, has done nothing.

"Sentiment in favor of pensions is building up fast all over the country," says Mississippi Welfare Commissioner W. F. Bond. "Unless something is done about this it will lead to bankruptcy of some of our states and financial embarrassment of our federal Government."

Earl K. Long, running for governor of Louisiana, promised old-age pensions. To make these possible, the Louisiana authorities then had the SSA approve a cost-of-living budget which entitled every Louisianan to relief if he lacked from \$62 to \$122 a month net income, depending on his need for higher rents and other than basic services. With dependents, a man could be "in need" and entitled to relief even with higher income.

Could the recipient own a home or farm? Yes, SSA agreed. It could be of unlimited value. He additionally could possess other real estate up to an *unmortgaged* \$1,500 worth under Louisiana's fantastically cheap assessments,

or possibly \$10,000 worth by market standards. He further could have \$500 in cash or securities, plus life insurance if its cash-surrender value did not exceed \$1,000.

To make relief still more alluring, the legislature repealed statutes which obligated children to help care for parents when able, and which prohibited getting rid of wealth to claim a handout. Recovery of relief payments from a deceased beneficiary's estate already had been outlawed.

New Orleans' Bureau of Governmental Research, a good-government group, protested that the relaxations would "invite family arrangements to qualify for grants."

"In no inconsiderable number of instances," it added, "it will doubtless be found that the practical effect of extending aid to the aged has in reality been to hold intact the inheritance of children and other relatives."

Primed by the invitation to regard relief as a right, Louisianans applied for it with enthusiasm. New Orleans politicians distributed relief applications on street corners, then exhorted all within range to fill in the blanks.

A resident who until now had been wealthy was allowed to retain

his auto when he went on the rolls.

"It's essential," he explained; "my wife and daughter use it."

Many a man found it possible to go on relief, yet remain the working head of a business grossing thousands of dollars. After ostensible payment of salaries to relatives there was not enough visible net profit to meet his relief budget.

A recipient who continued farming received \$6,000 for his cotton at government-support prices. An indignant neighbor protested.

"But the farmer told us his expenses wiped out profits," a welfare worker told me. "How are we going to prove otherwise? Sure, this covering up of income is going on all over, but we can't audit every farmer's transactions. I guess all we could do would be to rule that a man on farm relief isn't eligible for relief from us."

The right of Negro ex-sharecroppers to the relief is unquestioned, but old-age grants plus an additional average of \$58 a month where a household has children whose father is absent or disabled have so raised their incomes that they are flocking to the towns. Recently the Avoyelles Parish police jury formally demanded that state authorities halt the movement.

Probably plenty of Louisianans still need more help than they get. It is significant, though, that the old-age rolls have been more than doubled by the addition of 64,000 beneficiaries who could not or would not bother to qualify until relief paid at the rate of \$69,000,000 a year. Some slight tightening of the eligibility requirements recently has failed to halt the drain.

Louisiana officials cannot comprehend why, in addition, there has been an increase of more than 50 per cent within the year in families receiving federal children's aid on account of a missing or incapacitated father. Payments are being made on behalf of 77,000 children—one out of every 15 in the state. They are mystified about a similar increase in unemployable persons who receive only state grants; a sample screening in one parish showed one out of ten of these was a malingerer.

If Louisiana had as much experience as Washington State, it would know that when the aged are taught to believe it proper to chisel a pension out of relief funds, other people react similarly.

In Washington State the political advantage of an old folks' organization which would trade votes for pensions was recognized years ago. The resulting Washing-



ton Pension Union became bargaining agent for all who regard relief as their vested right. In 1948 union membership swelled to 16,000 on the strength of its campaign to increase old-age payments from \$50 to a "minimum standard of living of \$60 a month" and provide free medical care for all persons on relief. The Democratic party endorsed the union's measure, so the voters adopted it in a referendum when they elected President Truman.

Gov. Arthur B. Langlie, the only Republican elected in the Democratic pension landslide, interpreted the law as requiring a flat \$60 old-age pension.

"Oh no," replied SSA. "It means you must budget at least \$60 worth of living cost items every month for every adult, then add other cost items according to the individual's additional needs."

The budgeting approved by SSA provides up to \$50.80 for food if the relief recipient always eats in a restaurant. There are even combination budgets for those who prefer breakfast in, dinner out. Diets include a midafternoon candy bar. A home-cooked relief meal sanctioned by the U. S. Agriculture Department includes cubed-steak, mashed potatoes with gravy, green buttered beans, carrot strips, bread and butter, tea and cream pie. Allowances cover fuel oil, ice, laundry, phone, dry cleaning.

In lieu of \$35 for rent, the law will pay off one's mortgage. Washington's old-age payments thus have averaged \$65; a few go as high as \$250. Where a father is absent or incapacitated, a family grant for needy children averages \$130, but sometimes tops \$450.

Such attractions doubled the rate at which elderly persons joined the relief rolls. Upper middle-class folks have reinvested their savings out of the state in order to qualify. Wealthy families have put their parents on relief then at death called on the state to contribute \$100 toward a \$1,000 funeral.

A third more families found they lacked support for their children. A Yakima father saw no reason to return to work as a farmhand as long as he could collect \$325 a month for being the disabled head of a large family.

A \$360 a month factory technician in Seattle quit; he found that an arm ailment entitled him to a tax-free \$433 a month and free medical care for his family. A sawmill worker developed a

chronic rash from working on cedar shingles. The doctor told him he should change his occupation. "I'm going on children's aid," he told his friends. "I can do better."

Everyone on relief is entitled to better medical care than most taxpayers can afford. Because it includes treatment by one's own practitioner, 27 out of every 100 King County relief recipients went to their doctors in a single month. Some went many times. Some were pampering imaginary ills; others wanted prescriptions for laxatives and aspirin because prescriptions are filled free at any drugstore. The up to \$9.50 a day which the state pays for care in any hospital makes for such racketeering that every tenth person on relief in one county was in the hospital throughout every day of a five-month survey. Case histories show that a man may stay 30 days in a hospital and run up a \$315 bill while being treated for coryza; that is medical terminology for a runny nose.

A mother insisted that an Olympia doctor remove the tonsils of all five of her healthy children.

"They might develop bad throats in the future," she said. "You better take them out while it's free."

Medical care averages \$8.75 a month for every person on the dole, and much of this goes to advertising practitioners due to a hookup between them and the pension union.

When the union sent out collectors to raise money for its drive for the current law, they carried these printed instructions: "Doctors, dentists, undertakers, druggists, business men—all who will benefit directly and substantially from passage—should be approached for sizable contributions." When advertising dentists bought a daily radio broadcast for the union, the organization issued mimeographed instructions for pensioners to "express our appreciation to them for their support by patronizing them ourselves and by getting our friends to patronize them."

*The Pension Builder*, a newspaper which the union distributes to relief clients, carries the admonition, "Let's support our friends," in presenting advertisements of dentists, physicians, chiropractors, osteopaths, drugstores, and purveyors of hearing aids.

A pensioner inquires of the newspaper's question-and-answer department if he can sell his Seattle home, then buy another in

(Continued on page 74)



One man who qualified for relief considered his car as essential to his living standard. "My wife and daughter use it," he said





# When Good Neighbors

**THE Institute of Inter-American Affairs has shown in Peru that Point 4 can be made to work. However, it takes more than Yankee dollars and know-how to get the job done**



An American technician, left, and a Peruvian extension agent check a field after a demonstration on spraying



SCIPA's cooperative food supply program includes the use of insecticides to control ticks and other pests

**L**ESS THAN an hour's drive from the outskirts of Lima, capital of Peru, I saw land being plowed up that had produced a bumper corn crop—slightly more than 100 bushels to the acre. The operators of the rattling, clanking tractor were Peruvian farmers, but the machines, plows and equipment were made in the United States.

The next day, in a medical clinic in Lima, I saw physicians and sanitary technicians, of both Peruvian and American citizenship, working side by side in direct service to patients, in laboratory studies and in conferences on public health problems.

All about the Peruvian landscape I saw neat, modern schools, built under joint auspices of U. S. and local educators.

Here were examples of each of the three major activities of the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, an organization that might well be called "the testing ground for Point 4." President Truman stated the case for Point 4 in his inaugural address: "We must embark on a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas."

Plenty of American business men, while agreeing that this is a noble aim, are concerned about how the program can be carried out on sound business principles. They recognize chances for numerous pitfalls, such as the danger of foreign governments preferring gifts from Uncle Sam's treasury rather than normal commercial investments. But the Institute of Inter-American Affairs is living proof that underdeveloped areas can be aided by American capital and know-how, provided the program is a matter of *mutual* planning, cost and operation.

The Institute is not an impractical, visionary "do good" outfit, spending money recklessly on schemes of doubtful economic and social value. It is a down-to-earth, tested program of international cooperation. It is paying tangible dividends for both the United States and our Latin American neighbors.

The work of the Institute began eight years ago as part of the Office of Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, headed by Nelson Rockefeller. Hard on the heels of Pearl Harbor, in January, 1942, the Hemisphere Solidarity Conference met in Rio de Janeiro with announced purpose to unite all the Americas against the Axis powers in the global war. One item in the resolution passed by this conference, little noted at the time, called on all nations of the western hemisphere to cooperate in improvement of health and sanitary conditions. Rocke-





# Get Together

By O. K. ARMSTRONG

feller began that activity in various countries of South America, and found ready cooperation.

Since health depends in large measure on food, a division of food supply was added to Inter-American Affairs. Subsequently an education program was launched as a separate undertaking by the Rockefeller office. When the office was closed in 1946, these activities were transferred to the State Department. Next year they were combined in the Institute, with a board of directors appointed by the Secretary of State. Purposes of the Institute are "to further the general welfare of, and to strengthen friendship and understanding among, the peoples of the American republics through collaboration with our governments and agencies in planning, financing and administering technical programs and projects, especially in the fields of agriculture, public health and sanitation, and education."

Study any Institute project firsthand, and you'll see that word "collaboration" in action. "Naturally enough!" explains Dr. Washington Patino, assistant to the director of the division of agriculture at Lima. "This is a program of mutual benefit for both Peru and the United States. Greatest benefit for our people is steadily rising standards of living. For your people—steadily increasing markets for your manufactured products."

Each program must be embodied in an international agreement between the United States Government and that of the cooperating republic. These basic agreements have been drawn up only at the request of the neighbor government.

Financial arrangements are on the same level. The contributions of each government go into a joint bank account in which it is impossible to distinguish the pesos of the one from the dollars of the other. Under 1947 legislation American appropriations were limited to \$5,000,000 annually. Recent legislation extended the life of the Institute until June, 1955, and authorized an appropriation of \$35,000,000 for the five-year period. Currently, we are investing about two thirds of the cost and Latin American neighbors about one third.

Every South American country now participates in the programs except Argentina, and all in Central America and the Caribbean except Cuba, the Dominican Republic and Nicaragua.

A simple, easily directed type of organization is maintained by the Institute. In each cooperating country, the appropriate ministry sets up a special *servicio* or bureau within its department. The director of this bureau is generally a citizen of the United States, and serves as chief of the "field party" working in all the projects of that division. U. S. experts are assigned to him by the Institute. The local government supplies all other technicians, field men and workers.

The agricultural program is known as *Servicio Cooperativo Inter-Americano de Produccion de Alimentos*—conveniently abbreviated to SCIPA. It has made big strides in the development of a more adequate food supply, the introduction of better



Instructing Indian women on how to care for children is all part of the day's work for a Health Service nurse



Rural education and vocational training are the principal activities in Peru's current educational program



crops, improved livestock, soil and water conservation, farm-extension work, better tools and methods of cultivation and compiling of basic agricultural statistics.

Peru, I found, is an example of progress in all three activities—agriculture, health and education. Also—and of great importance—the Peruvian Government combed the country for the best-trained, most-experienced personnel to carry on the projects.

Dr. Patino, for example, is a veteran of the foreign service in Washington, and was a representative of Peru in the Assembly of the United Nations. He knows inter-American affairs and wants to see his people enjoy better health, eat better food, produce more exports and become steadily more enlightened.

Chief of the SCIPA is John R. Neale, who learned dirt farming as a youth in Ohio, graduated from Kansas State College and had a successful career in farm-extension work in Wyoming. Under his direction are 450 employes, of whom 14 are from the United States, one from a neighboring South American country and the rest Peruvian nationals. Forty-six graduates of the Peruvian College of Agriculture are on this staff.

Within a year after beginning its work, SCIPA established 14 branch offices. Now there are 34, reaching 1,000,000 farm families. More than 40,000 persons consulted these offices on farm problems and projects last year. At least 157 farmer committees are functioning in co-operation with these agricultural offices.

Closely allied with the extension work are SCIPA's 18 machinery pools which make modern machinery available to small farmers on a contractual operating basis. Everywhere you can spot tractors and other heavy machines, plowing, cultivating and harvesting the fields for farm families that otherwise could not afford to operate the mechanized equipment needed in mass food production.

Neale's reports show that \$2,500,000 has been spent by his department in the United States for machinery and supplies which could not be purchased in Peru. This item alone is double the amount allotted the SCIPA program in Peru by the U. S. Government.

A victory garden program, launched during the war, has grown to include 35,000 families, assisted by Institute experts to increase their food production and

attain a balanced diet. A program of seed improvement has brought in many tons of choice seed grains from North American farms. That cornfield that produced 100 bushels per acre was planted with a hybrid variety from midwestern growers.

Neale's division is spending roughly \$268,000 to develop the livestock demonstration farms. Not only are these farms showing the latest successful livestock methods; they are proving to doubting Peruvian farm investors



**SCIPA chief John R. Neale learned dirt farming in Ohio**

that good livestock pays dividends in their country.

One of these farms is near Cajamarca, in the highlands—elevation from 10,000 to 14,500 feet—with 70,000 acres. Here 297 families will be taught how to raise sheep and beef cattle. American and Peruvian soil experts advise on the growing of feed, the use of fertilizers, the marketing of the livestock.

The other demonstration farm is deep in the eastern jungle lands adjoining Brazil. Here virgin jungle is being cleared for cattle production. Proper breeds for resisting heat and tropical diseases are being introduced, particularly Brahman cattle from Florida and Texas.

It's never all smooth sailing for Institute project workers. To get the livestock projects going, they brought in 250 choice bulls from North America and European countries. It was easy enough to

ward off petty thieves who felt that the most glorious life a bull can lead is to fight a matador in the ring. But it was impossible at first to prevent some of the keepers from overfeeding the animals out of sheer admiration, and several bulls died from too much hospitality. Surviving bulls, and others brought in later, have done quite well.

Up in the Sierras of Peru live some 4,000,000 Indians, almost untouched by the march of progress since the Spanish conquerors first came in. Here SCIPA has begun a vast program to develop enough wheat to make Peru independent of imports. An average of only 20 per cent of their land has ever been worked by these people. With their primitive tools, it takes 35 men to dig up two acres a day. One tractor pulling modern breaking plows can turn six times that much soil a day.

"Let's see what this wheat project can mean to these people," said Neale. "Last year, Peru spent \$40,000,000 to subsidize wheat imports. Yet the land is here to produce that wheat, and it will be produced when we mechanize the farms. Much of the additional income from Peruvian wheat will be spent in the United States for our manufactured commodities."

Potatoes make up one of the great staple crops of Peru. In the Sierras of Peru more than 800,000 tons of potatoes are grown annually. But an insect pest has been steadily invading the potato fields, alarmingly cutting down the yield. SCIPA insecticide specialists began a counterattack. On one farm used as a demonstration, the potato yield jumped 900 per cent over the bug-infested crops of the year before. The program of insecticide treatment will be extended throughout Peru, and should result in multiplying fourfold the volume of potatoes produced.

Poultry raising is being boosted by importation of an average of 60,000 baby chicks per year from hatcheries in various eastern areas of the United States. From 3,000 to 6,000 dairy cows, from Holland, Argentina and the U. S., are being imported annually with SCIPA assistance. Improved land use, through repair and construction of irrigation systems, soil rehabilitation by proper fertilizers, developing a warehouse system to eliminate spoilage and avoid seasonal fluctuations in supply, organizing a fish and wildlife division, are examples of SCIPA's other varied

*(Continued on page 54)*



# Pulitzer's Fistful of Facts

By EDWARD DEMBITZ

**W**HEN the telephone rang for the tenth time within the hour, the editor of the "World Almanac" was tempted to answer it with "James Madison" and then hang up at once. Instead, he listened patiently to the rambling of a sweet young female.

"I'm doing research for a fashion designer on the clothing that the Presidents and their families wore," she explained. "Can you tell me offhand who was the first President of the United States to wear long pants?"

The editor of one of the world's most popular and comprehensive reference books could tell her—and offhand. "James Madison," he said, and awaited the eleventh call on the same subject. For the past 65 years, questions have been pouring into the "World Almanac" office by letter, telegram ("wire reply collect"), and telephone—but there's a new twist nowadays: quiz program fans. Many libraries and information centers won't bother with them. So the fans, like the

young lady above, dream up elaborate excuses to make their inquiries sound legitimate.

The "World Almanac" is not an information bureau, but it never refuses to help. And the staff motto is "There's no such thing as a foolish question." No foolish ones, but some are mighty peculiar, like that of the pretentious caller who asked, "Is daylight saving time observed internationally throughout Pennsylvania?"

"I guess they have these quiz programs all over the country," remarks noted author, lecturer and critic Harry Hansen, the book's new editor. "One day we'll get four letters from St. Louis asking for the present occupation of the 1942 Miss America; then the subject never arises again."

Of course, some questions are perennials. Comes the week before March 17, and rich-brogued voices phone in for details on the great Windsor Hotel fire, which took place in New York City during the St. Patrick's Day Parade of 1899.

"Forty-five deaths," states Arthur Raymond, the office's unofficial answer-man. "Would you please repeat that for the benefit of my ignorant friend here?" asks the caller, and Raymond does. Although the five-man staff settles countless bets, no winner has ever offered to split the profits. Losers, on the other hand, don't hesitate to belabor them with cries of "liar," "ignoramus" and "fraud."

The topics which evoke the most queries are sports, college statistics, and marriage and divorce laws. Over the telephone, the questions most frequently asked are:

1. When is Easter?
2. How many people have gone over Niagara Falls?
3. Where can we get married without a blood test?
4. What are grounds for divorce?

"Sometimes I think that answering questions is our only mission in life," says Hansen. "We are not here, however, to settle arguments. And we do accomplish other things."

By "other things" he means the preparation and publishing of a book which, year after year, is one of the world's best sellers: the "World Almanac." This 912 page volume, in case you've never thumbed a copy, is an annual com-

**SERVING UP A 1,000,000 word best seller  
is a big order. Yet that's what the editors of  
the "World Almanac" have done for years**





pilation of the latest facts and figures about the world and its inhabitants.

It is published by the New York *World - Telegram and Sun*, a Scripps-Howard newspaper. According to Mudge's "Guide to Reference Books," the volume contains "statistics on social, industrial, political, financial, religious, educational and other subjects; political organizations, societies, historical lists of famous events . . . all well up-to-date and in general reliable." There are also myriad lists of champions, for Americans are strangely fascinated by the biggest, most expensive, longest, tallest and fastest of everything.

The "Almanac" is an indispensable source book to reporters, students, Presidents and rulers (F.D.R. and Mussolini kept copies close at hand), business men, writers, and the ordinary seeker after common or strange facts. It is often the only literary fare in saloons, where bartenders use it, along with a hefty wooden club, to decide such weighty problems as the date of the first \$1,000,000 boxing gate. The business department reports heavy purchases, via the warden, by prison inmates.

The book undoubtedly owes much of its appeal to the convenient format. During his day's work a merchant might want, for example, to look up postal rates, tax and copyright laws, foreign weights and measures, and the functions of various governmental "alphabet" agencies—and without rummaging through desk drawers for a technical treatise on each subject.

If he's given to speeches, the "Almanac" can supplement both information from trade associations and his own profundities. It has a 50,000 word review of the

past year, and sections on the Eighty-first Congress' accomplishments (or lack thereof), import and export trade, the Hoover Report, labor unions, national defense, Wall Street and manufactures. No editorializing, just facts and statistics.

For newspaper layouts, one advertising firm culls oddities like the derivation of states' names and how to detect counterfeit money. Shoestring enterprises have used the tables of mayors, ambassadors and college presidents for mailing lists. The most unusual testimonial the "Almanac" ever received—off the record, unfortunately—stated that it was sometimes found in the "library" of the men's room. Reading time for the complete volume has been estimated at 200 hours.

Although the "Almanac" contains some 1,000,000 words and countless tables, summaries and abstracts, an error is as rare as a pickpocket in police headquarters. And as quickly tracked down. In correcting proofs for the 1950 edition, for example, a printer reversed the periods of gestation of a dromedary (12 months) and a dog (62 days). Within a week after the new issue hit the newsstands and bookstalls, the editor had a dozen letters chiding him on his ignorance of the facts of life.

In the table which lists 2,000 personalities of the stage, screen, radio, and television, a misprint put Rosalind Russell's date of birth at 1892 instead of 1912. Three amateur sleuths in distant parts of the country ferreted out the error in a matter of days.

This same table causes the staff no little embarrassment. Readers often challenge the accuracy of birth dates, which are taken from sources like "Who's Who in the

Theater" and the "Motion Picture Almanac." "Answer-Man" Raymond thereupon ignores the simile "as tactless as asking an actress her age," and asks the actress how old she is. Josephine Hull sent in her correct age but added plaintively, "Is this necessary?"

Just before the war a famous stage star, while condemning the "morbid curiosity" of readers, maintained that as a child she had appropriated an older sister's birthday. The "Almanac" courteously moved her birth date up ten years, as requested, but lately she's been complaining again.

When the age of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., was questioned, he wrote, "I swear before God and on the word of my parents that I was born in 1909."

There is a constant stream of correspondence from people who think they have found errors—but who usually haven't. The book has a table of 1,200 national associations and societies, with date of founding, membership, and the name and address of the officer who handles communications. Officers who dispute printed facts about their organizations are always surprised to learn that they provided these facts themselves.

Historical controversies swell the mail, too. After long and bitter experience, the "World Almanac" has learned to be strictly neutral. Thus it lists Harry S. Truman as the thirty-third President (and has a letter in which he so designates himself), and also as the thirty-second different individual to have served in the post (Cleveland's two terms were not consecutive).

It has an article entitled "Who Was the First President?" George Washington, of course. He was the  
(Continued on page 76)





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Detroit, Michigan

# The Bootstraps of Michigan

By HOLMES ALEXANDER

HELPING communities to help themselves is the way this state's unemployment plan works

THINGS WERE rough all over last year for the town of Cheboygan, Mich., some 300 miles north of Detroit. Six of the eight war-boom factories already had closed, and the others were down to a trifling employment of 95 workers. That left three industrial stand-bys which for years had supplied the community with jobs and spending money.

Then in late November everything went from bad to worse. The old stand-bys began to come apart. L. B. Lund & Sons, the machine shop, shut down and went into receivership. The Paper Corporation of America suspended operation. The Great Lakes Garment Manufacturing Company was running at less than 35 per cent of normal capacity. With the harsh northern winter closing in and fully half the town's labor force out of work, Mayor A. A. Sangster wrote a desperation letter to the governor's full employment committee.

The letter reached an iron-gray, hawk-visaged man named Harry C. Markle, chairman of the full employment committee in Detroit.

Within a week Cheboygan was quietly visited by a three-member team of experts from Markle's office. They went into stores, factories, schools, banks, libraries and private homes. In another two weeks they had prepared a confidential report on Cheboygan's industrial history, going back some 50 years.

Markle read it over and then dispatched his ace troubleshooter, O. K. Fjetland, to meet with the mayor and a group of local business and labor leaders.

Fjetland, a large bluff-spoken Iowa Swede, told them, in effect, that Cheboygan was dying of civic apathy. There was nothing new about the flight of industry from their town. It couldn't be blamed on postwar readjustment, for the trend had started long ago. In the 20 years prior to the war, population of Cheboygan County had dropped from 17,000 to 13,000 by voluntary migration, largely because Cheboygan did little to keep its local industries and even less to entice new ones.

The survey also indicated that

about one third of the present citizens went out of town to shop, to bank, to invest. And no wonder! The streets were potholed, storefronts needed painting, the local banks were nothing but cold storage vaults for sterile capital. As a summer resort and a retirement spot for overage Detroit policemen, Cheboygan probably would continue to exist—thanks to its salubrious climate and its beautiful Lake Huron front.

But as a self-sustaining industrial center, blessed with many potential advantages, the town was a goner unless its inhabitants woke up.

"You appear to have three choices," said Fjetland in summary. "You can increase taxes and expand the relief program; you can make arrangements to siphon off the working population, or you can pull yourselves together and organize new industrial opportunities."

This was strong medicine, but not entirely unexpected. Markle had warned the mayor in advance not to expect much in the way of state aid, saying: "Our basic approach . . . is to help communities to help themselves."

Throughout Michigan this do-it-yourself policy was—and is—being applied to job-shy communities, and with success. Operation Boot-

Harry C. Markle leads his state's drive to put both men and factories to work

JOE CLARK





PHOTOS BY HOWARD SOCHUREK

The governor's committee sent O. K. Fjetland to Cheboygan to help the town chart a new course



One of the first steps the community took was to revitalize its banks and liberalize lending policies

strap is what Michigan calls its antiunemployment program.

Shortly before the Cheboygan episode Gov. G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams had sounded the keynote. At Iron Mountain where a group of civic leaders were asking for state relief funds, the 38 year old governor said:

"Now look, I don't want to be tough about this. But the state isn't going to help you unless you help yourselves. You people form a local full-employment committee and decide what specific products your town can manufacture. Then the Markle committee will undertake to show you how and where to sell 'em."

As he recalled this incident when I saw him last spring, the strapping young governor plunged his big fists into a mop of black hair and grimaced as if the memory pained him.

"Lord," he said, "it was an awful job to tell those people that. Many of them were working on the roads and streets to earn a relief dollar. They thought they were trying to help themselves. I wanted to make them understand that the only real recovery is through private enterprise, not public projects."

Startling words to come from an ambitious Fair Dealer? Yes, but Soapy Williams is a seventh generation Detroitier whose forebears had a lot to do with pioneering the dynamic capitalism of the upper midwest.

Although heir to a \$12,000,000

shaving soap fortune, Williams always found something better to do than spend money or make more of it. From the University of Michigan law school, he went directly to work in 1936 for the social security board. Among a good many other things he was co-author of the intricate Michigan unemployment act. His family wealth and his hard-fact study of government both are reasons why he doesn't want Michigan to become a welfare state.

Actually the governor claims no credit for the progress of Operation Bootstrap. "I'm on the policy level," he says. "It's the boys down the line and in the field who make it work." But it's significant that he steered clear of politico-welfare workers when he chose a man to head up the program.

In Harry Markle he picked a self-sufficient jack-of-all-enterprise to whom the \$10,000 a year chairman's salary was no inducement and whose absorbing interest in life is a noncommercial flower garden.

Markle, 54, already has had two successful careers in business, and another in wartime government. A Harvard Law School graduate, he holds the unique record of a Detroit lawyer whose corporate clients never suffered a labor strike.

"By luck or good judgment," says Markle, "I warned all my clients in 1937 that the Wagner Labor Act was constitutional. I advised them

to anticipate that fact and to proceed on their labor contracts accordingly."

Most corporation attorneys were wishful-thinking their clients with contrary advice, so the Supreme Court decision made Markle a sort of Daniel in advance of judgment. New business poured in, from labor unions as well as companies, and his income mounted up through the five-digit ranges. But instead of working harder, Markle worked less.

Since 1933 he'd lived with his wife and two children on a 110 acre farm near the village of Rochester. Now he commuted to Detroit with increasing infrequency. By Pearl Harbor day he was getting horny-handed over daffodils, peonies and enough field crops to make the farm solvent.

Having seen active service on anti-sub patrol in World War I, Markle thought he belonged back in the Navy. He might well have wangled a commissioned desk job, but he tried to enlist and was turned down because he hadn't the required number of teeth.

"After that," he says, "I tried to kid myself that law practice for defense plants was war service, but I couldn't make it stick. So I volunteered for work with the War Manpower Commission, and they sent me to Akron to run the rubber procurement job there. I must have done all right, because the Government, the industry, the unions and the newspapers gave me awards,





**Cheboygan hit pay dirt when an engineering firm took over one of the community's vacated plants**



**Another Michigan town made one of the best hauls in the state when it landed a factory with 600 jobs**

banquets and all that—but it was a helluva bore.”

On V-J Day plus one, he resigned, liquidated his law firm and settled down on Willowbrook Farm where he expected to stay. But within a year he found himself an independent industrialist. Garden tools always had annoyed him with their imperfections. Wooden handles gave him splinters, and rough or rusty metal handles gave him calluses. One evening, as he grumbled these pet peeves, his wife said:

“Well, why don't you invent your own hand tools?”

“All right,” said Markle, “I will.”

He drew up his own designs, modeled them in wood and had them cast in aluminum at a nearby foundry. After giving away several sets to friends, Markle took some samples to the Madison Square Garden flower show in 1946. Every dealer to whom he showed the tools wanted some. When Markle returned with orders for 30,000 pieces, he knew he was in business. He set up a shop-and-office in the barn and bought a share in a factory. The Markle Featherlite Products Corporation now employs 100 workers and nets sales of \$250,000 a year.

This was his occupation in the spring of '49 when Governor Williams telephoned from Lansing and asked him to drop in for a talk. They had known each other in Detroit law circles, but Markle, who likes his political indepen-

dence, hadn't been active in the campaign. When he appeared at the governor's office in the capitol, the governor said he was about to organize a full-employment committee.

“I'd like you to be chairman, Harry. That means going on the state payroll as executive director of the State Unemployment Commission. There'll be five other bureau chiefs on the committee. How about helping us out?”

“Soapy, isn't this a little out of my line?”

“Well, think it over,” said Williams. He explained that the job called for a man with business, legal and bureaucratic experience but without political ties. The general public, he explained, hardly realized that there was an unemployment problem because it was confined to nonmetropolitan areas. In Flint, for example, the unemployment figure was only 3.1 per cent but in one town it reached 23.3 per cent—much higher than in the depth of a national depression.

“While he talked,” says Markle, “I knew it was a job I couldn't turn down. My life was running smoothly on the farm, but what right did I have to keep it that way? Traveling around the state, I'd already seen plenty of towns where sick industries had left the people high and dry. Federal government figures showed the same thing was happening everywhere. We had 58,000,000 people at work,

but we also had 2-, or 3,000,000 out of work. Anybody with a chance to help ought to try. Before leaving the office, I'd accepted the appointment.”

Operation Bootstrap began as a sneak maneuver. “The thing we don't want to do,” said Williams, “is to scare people by talking depression. The less publicity the better until we show some results.”

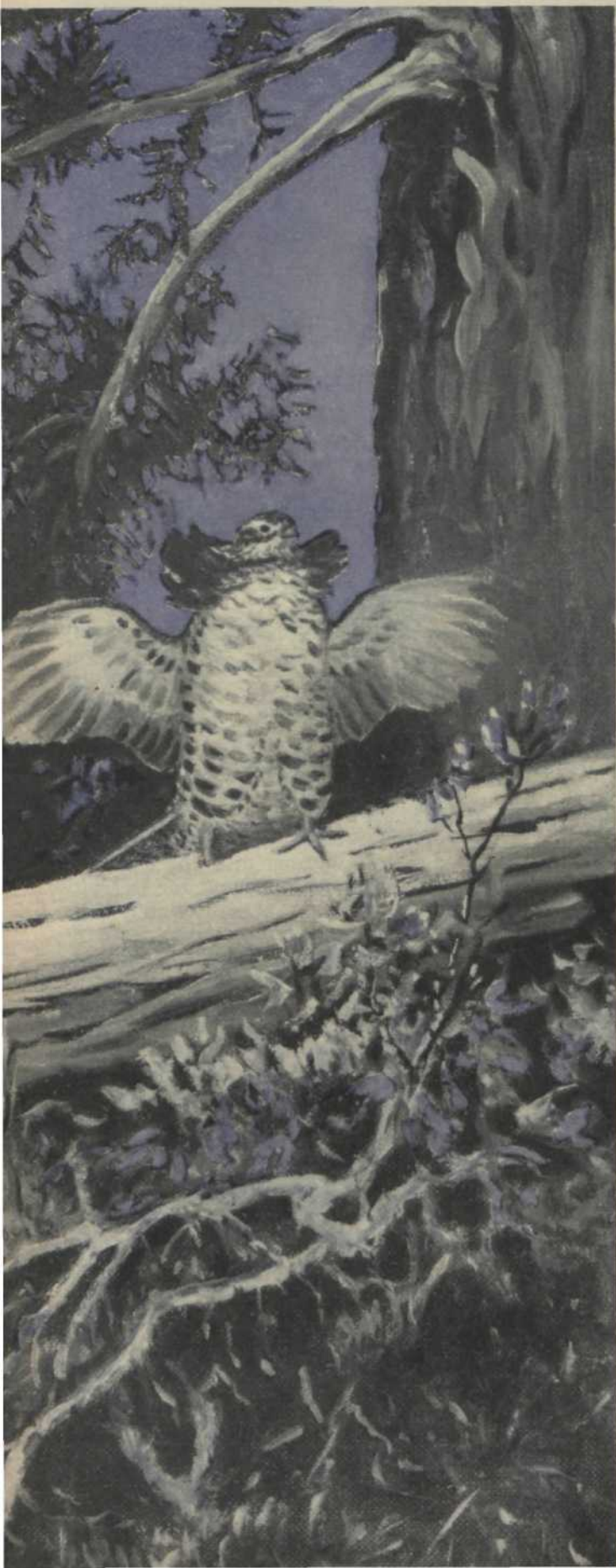
Some of the early results had ambassadorial beginnings. At L'Anse, population 2,000, the Ford Motor Company prepared to close a 400 job lumber mill. As usual, a local delegation set off for Detroit to ask a stay of execution, but this time the petitioners had a friend in court. Markle went with them to the front office where he offered a proposition. If the company would hang on a little longer, the state would undertake to find a buyer for the property. The company readily agreed, the mill is still operating and Markle has found a prospective buyer—not for the mill but for the huge sawdust pile. It's to be used to manufacture briquets, or fireplace logs from the pressed waste material.

Another stroke of diplomacy brought results that first summer. In Washington, the Commodity Credit Corporation, an affiliate of the Agriculture Department, was on the market for steel bins in which farmers could store surplus crops under the subsidy program. There was a steel shortage on, but

*(Continued on page 78)*



# THE STUMP-LEGGED



THE PATH under the giant hemlocks was well defined. Though relatively close to a great city, wild deer traveled over this path every day going from their bedding grounds high above to the lower country to feed and back again. Then also there were fishermen, who walked into Butternut Pond. Not many fishermen took this hike. In fact there were not many men who even knew of the existence of Butternut Pond, and still fewer were the hardy souls willing to take the long tramp for what the pond had to offer. It was so much easier to fish the lakes and streams close to the highways.

The path through the hemlocks was the easiest part of the trip. There were other stretches through heavy growths of hardhack and meadowsweet where a fellow had to force his way through the tough springy growth that seemed to resent his passage. Then there were stretches of sparse second-growth overgrown with blackberries, all armed with sharp barbs that cut and stung. There was a small bog swamp with high tussocks and water in between. This you could go around if you weren't handy at stepping from one tussock to the next, but it added a half mile to the trip. It was tough, yet some folks thought it well worth the effort.

There is something atavistic left in a few of the disciples of rod and gun that makes them yearn to get off by themselves, away from the sound of trucks grinding along the highways and the hum of cars. While such men's forebears hunted and fished for food, the thrill of the sport was there and this has been passed down through generations. To spend a single day alone with Nature is a far cry from the hustle and bustle of an existence in an overcrowded city where too many human beings are gathered together.

When the man reached the cool of the hemlocks he took off his hat and wiped his forehead on the sleeve of his shirt, for the day was warm. The shade from the great trees was pleasant and before he took the last long climb he stopped at an inviting log for a breather. Here at the edge of the heavy woods there was much to look at. A gray squirrel scolded at the intrusion and a nuthatch climbed head-first down the bole of a tree, picking his breakfast from the crevices in the bark.

Deeper along the path there was little life of any kind. Here and there a spot of sunlight found its way through the heavy foliage to the forest floor, but for the most part it was dark and gloomy. As the man approached the farther edge there was more sunlight and more life. A chipmunk was busy eating something in the path. He saw the man coming slowly toward him but he showed no fear. When within six feet the man stopped and for some time the striped-back fellow went on about his eating. Then without any particular reason his short tail flew up and he dashed madly for cover, apparently badly frightened. Chipmunks are like that.

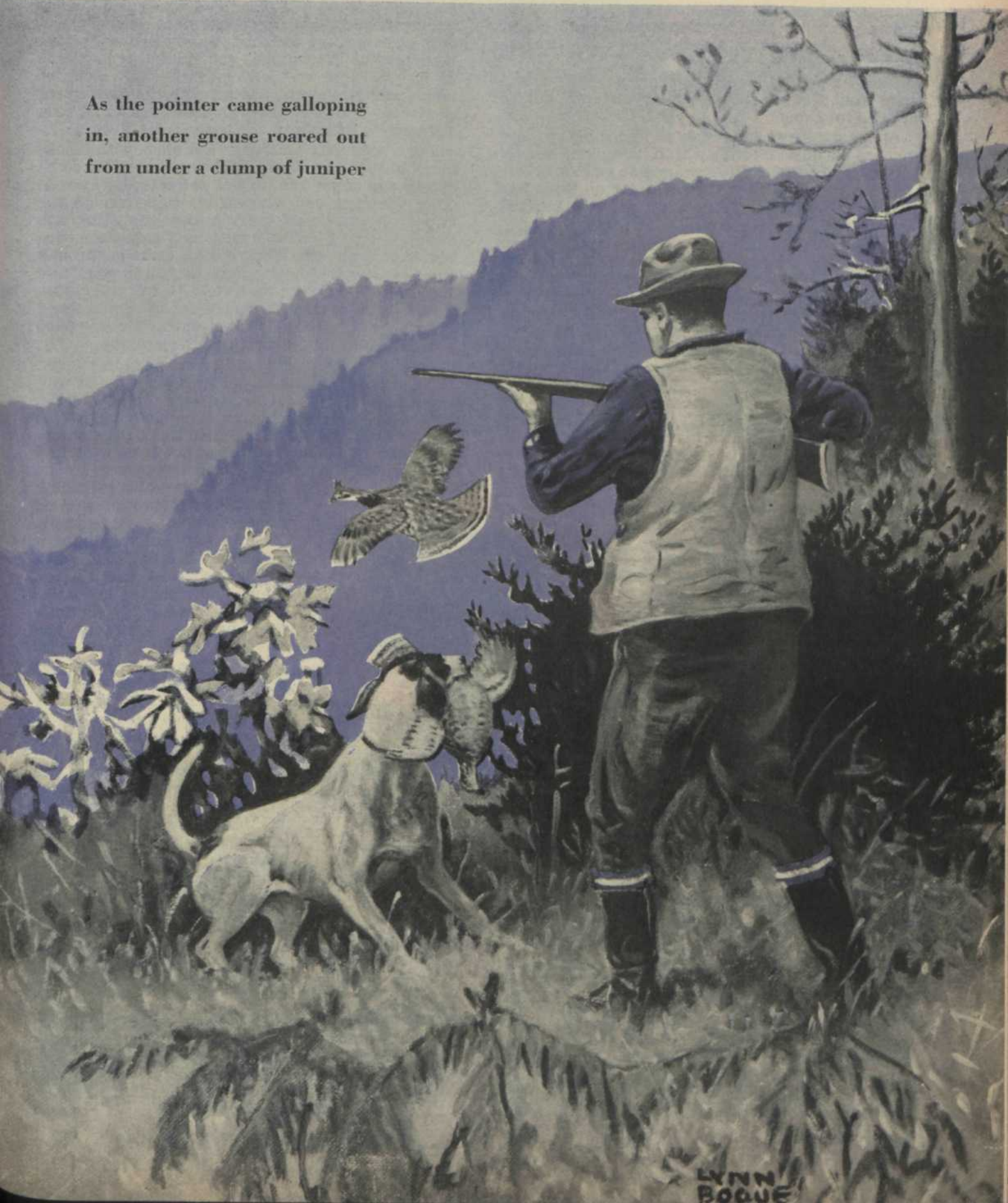
From the crest of this last hill Butternut Pond



# *PARTRIDGE*

By RAY P. HOLLAND

As the pointer came galloping  
in, another grouse roared out  
from under a clump of juniper



LYNN  
BOGUE



lay a short distance below in what a poet would call all its pristine beauty. Again the man paused, this time just to stand and look at the picture before him. Then with rod case over his shoulder supporting his rubber boots against his back he started down the hill for the principal business at hand.

When he reached the shore of the pond he put on his boots, for here there was no path and at times he had to walk in the edge of the water as he skirted along the shore. He did not set up his rod. About halfway around the pond a stream came down from the far mountain, and this man was a stream-fisherman first.

Once he paused along the shore when he saw a good trout feeding within casting distance, but he decided to go on.

At the mouth of the brook he joined his rod and greased his line. Selecting a high floating fly he cast several times where the stream last swirled before it joined the waters of the pond. As no trout was willing he reeled in his line and started up current to more profitable water.

There was a half mile of fishing water between the pond and where the stream tumbled out of the woods. This stretch was filled with fast runs and deep, slow-moving pools as it wound its way down the gentle slope from the timbered hill that rose gradually to a fairly large mountain beyond. This flat was filled with particularly tough hardhack and the man had either to wade the stream or work his way along the shore. At each slow stretch he cast a few times in the tail of the pool for some old lunker that had eaten his fill and was resting there. He gave more serious attention to the runs of faster water where they broke down from above. Sometimes he caught trout, most of them he gently released to catch again another day. Some of more noble size were saved.

When almost to the woods the man saw a fair-sized trout feeding where the stream split around a boulder. The only way to present a dry fly to this fish without having the many swirls and crosscurrents drag the line, pull the fly and make it look unnatural to the fish, was to shoot a long loose line from directly below. The man worked out into the stream slowly and began paying out line, holding it high overhead. Just as he thought he had out enough to reach the fish he stopped in mid-cast and the line fell unnoticed to the water and was swept behind him by the current.

From the nearby woods had come a boom—boom—boom—boom—boom—boom bm-bm-bm-bm-bm-m-m-m-mmmmm. Now this man had heard many a grouse drum, but he had never heard a bird produce such volume of sound. A man hidden in the brush with a base drum supported by a snare drummer to produce the roll, couldn't have startled him more. He wondered could this be a super-grouse or was it the acoustics of the particular setting. The sound of a grouse drumming usually has a ventriloquistic quality that makes it hard to locate, but this boom-

ing seemed to come so clearly from a certain spot just inside the cover that the man felt sure he could go right to it.

Fishing was forgotten for in this man's book game birds came first. The creel was hidden in the shade of a large boulder and the rod leaned into a sapling where it couldn't blow over. Slowly and cautiously the man started toward the woods which at this point were bordered by a heavy growth of sumac. He knew that no matter how carefully and quietly he advanced it would be only by the greatest luck that he might see the bird. Surely he would have little trouble locating the drumming log or stone. As he looked on up the slope the lighter green of maple and birch were stabbed with the dark spires of spruce. Here and there an occasional great pine or hemlock rose above the lesser trees.

The woods were not dense, but open, with black-berry bushes and thorn apple trees and an occasional wild apple tree. It was perfect grouse cover. Once the man had wormed his way through the fringe of sumac and berry bushes the going was easier. Great beeches, maples and oaks were supported by gray and black birch. Coming through the first heavy timber where he expected to find the bird he sat down on a rock hoping the grouse would drum again. He waited for 30 minutes and except for a red-tailed hawk screaming overhead and some blue jays quarreling he heard no sound.

Across a small open glade the man again entered heavy woods. Breaking through a screen of wild grapevines at the edge he saw an old chestnut log, half rotted and moss covered. It had lain there since shortly after the blight killed all the mature chestnut trees. Then as it rotted at the base, wind had laid it down, the top of the bole now covered by the lower branches of a spreading pine. Closer inspection showed grouse droppings and feathers. This was the spot without a doubt but the bird had gone.

The next week end, for the man could make his trips only on a Saturday or Sunday, he was again at the mouth of the stream on Butternut. This time he did not set up his rod. Instead he hung his creel in a bush and leaned the rod case by it. It was early in the morning, but he hurried as he worked his way up the stream toward the woods. Rising fish got but a glance and a mental recording for attention later in the day. When he reached the woods he was as quiet as man could be going through such cover. At the open glade he got down on his hands and knees and crawled. He wormed his way under the grape tangle on his stomach and when he reached a point where he had a good view of the log he lay still.

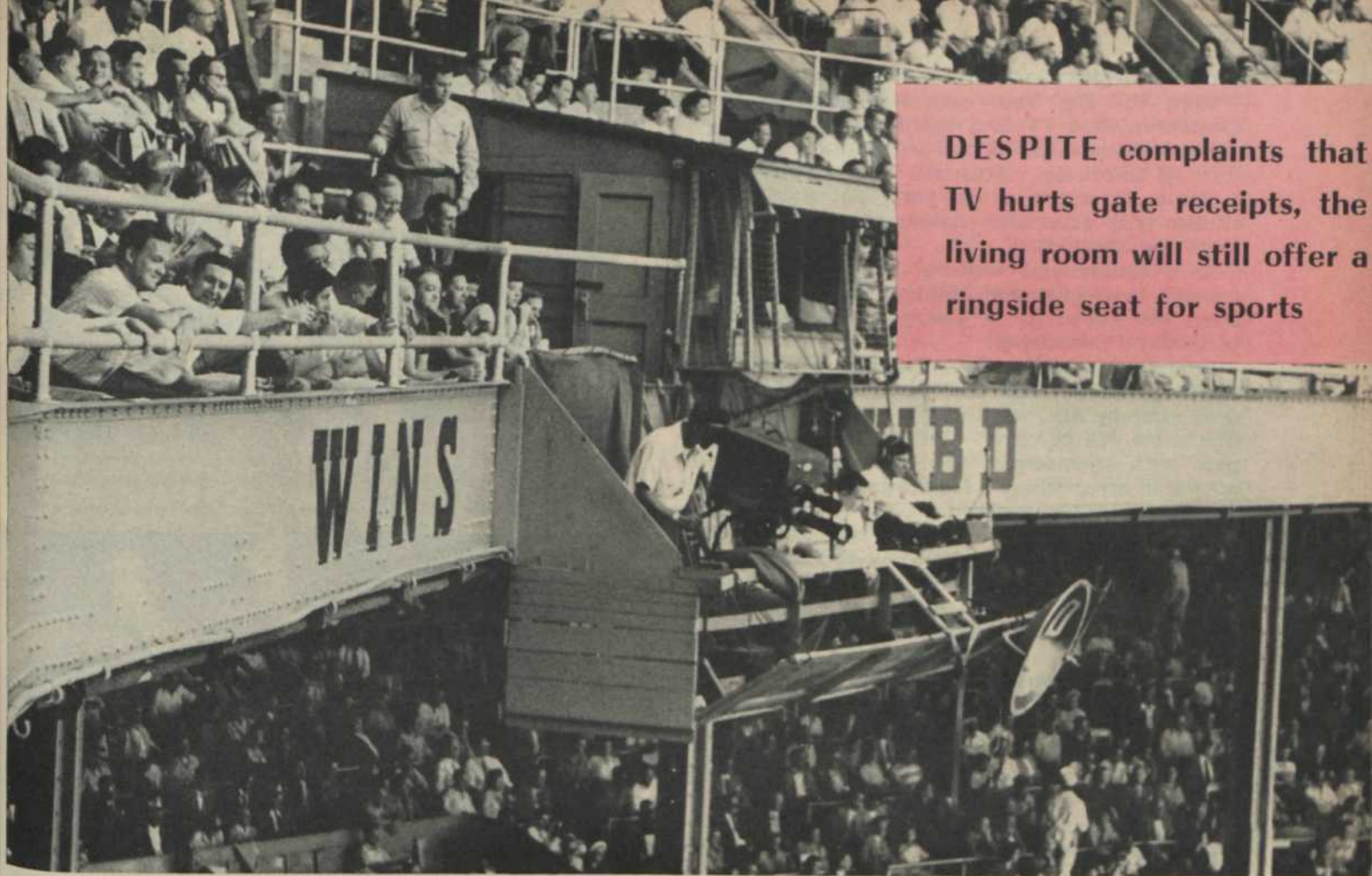
Soon he found that his neck tired and cramped as he watched the log. The vigil might be a long one; so he edged his body around until he could lie on his side with his head on his arm. "Now," he thought, "I can wait all day if I have to." This he

(Continued on page 62)



He strutted with the  
pomp of a peacock!





**DESPITE** complaints that TV hurts gate receipts, the living room will still offer a ringside seat for sports

The New York Yankees televise all their home games as a public service

KEYSTONE PICTURES

# Sports Behind the Glass

By REVERE McVAY

**P**ROPHETS OF baseball's doom saw a dismal end for the national game back in 1893 unless sports writers were barred from the parks. No one, they predicted, would bother to attend the game if scores were published.

When radio was trying on its long pants in 1932, a solemn conclave representing eastern intercollegiate circles warned its membership to make only cautious use of radio lest it wreck football attendance.

Now there is renewed muttering among the Barnums of the sports world that television, newest wrinkle for joining a waiting world with tidings from a ball park, will drive sports to extinction and kill attendance very dead.

Most forthright apostle of this doleful theory is the Big Ten which has taken the view that its membership should boycott live shadow pictures until it is proven that alumni will be present and accounted for in various stadia on Saturday afternoons and not in pubs equipped with large television screens.

This policy of injunction is particularly significant because the Big Ten football radio broadcasts, when networked to the East Coast in the

fall of 1932, were the direct cause of routing eastern coyness toward radio. If the Big Ten is trail-breaking now as it was then, the man, who invested in a television set because he likes the entertainment that results when stout young men get to quarreling over a ball, faces a stark future.

If sports are going to retire behind their turnstiles and leave him with a lapful of Howdy-Doody and cinematic castoffs, he is going to be very unhappy, indeed.

As of this moment, he has little to fear.

It may be news to the Big Ten, along with the Southeastern Conference and reluctant members of the Eastern Intercollegiate body, but certain of the eastern brethren will reverse the '32 arrangement this fall, having contracted to network the full pomp of their gridiron glory to the television Saharas of the midwest and other parched areas.

CBS has reached a meeting of the minds with Army, Navy and Columbia to feature each Saturday a topflight contest spotlighting one of these elevens. Harvard and Princeton also will televise their games. The NBC folks are readying similar plans for a fine Saturday consignment of collegiate football and the Dumont cables will carry



seven of Notre Dame University's home games.

Even the Big Ten, earnestly pointing to its awareness that TV is a highly effective form of public relations, has agreed to permit a "deferred" form of television. This will be a film record of a game, in whole or in part, but available to studios only after the customers have long gone from the stadium.

As a commercial venture, this package seems doomed to a consistent amateur standing. Advertisers are known to be chary of buying space in yesterday's newspaper.

Progress being what it is, there are Sunday football plans, too. The pros have come up with a deal whereby ABC will televise 15 of their contests. The show will be "live." But the pros won't compete with themselves. No telecast will be permitted in areas where a league game is in progress. The important thing is that the pros may have the dial to themselves and their sponsors on Sunday afternoons in approximately 51 cities.

There are other hopeful portents. But if one pays heed to studio and agency people he'll be convinced that box office engineers who stand opposed to television have an unrealistic turn of mind.

Arthur Patterson, secretary of the New York Yankees baseball club, has a word for skeptics who fail to heed the pace of progress. The Yankees during the 1949 World Series happily seated 500 bona fide correspondents and 50 radio and television people. The club has stated that, if necessary, it would broadcast and televise its games at its own expense, recognizing it as a public service. Fortunately, three sponsors and 26 radio outlets pay them a tidy package of revenue for 154 scheduled games. All 77 of their home games are televised and sponsored, the outlets being in New York and New Haven. The adverse effect of television? Nothing compared to the effect a damp, cold spring had on attendance. On the other hand, through radio and television stimulation, Patterson insists that certain key games have had a greater advance sale than ever before in Yankee history. The Cleveland Indians and other clubs with a promotion-minded front office verify this.

Ned Irish, the maestro of Madison Square Garden, is convinced that television—instead of being hostile to Garden gates—proclaims an event to a broader base of the public than any other medium.

"From our point of view, television is institutionally beneficial even if we didn't receive a nickel for those rights." He hastens to add that he expects more than a nickel for those rights, but Irish is entitled to make the observation inasmuch as last year he was willing to go along with many a sustaining program and get nothing for it but the tab for the costs.

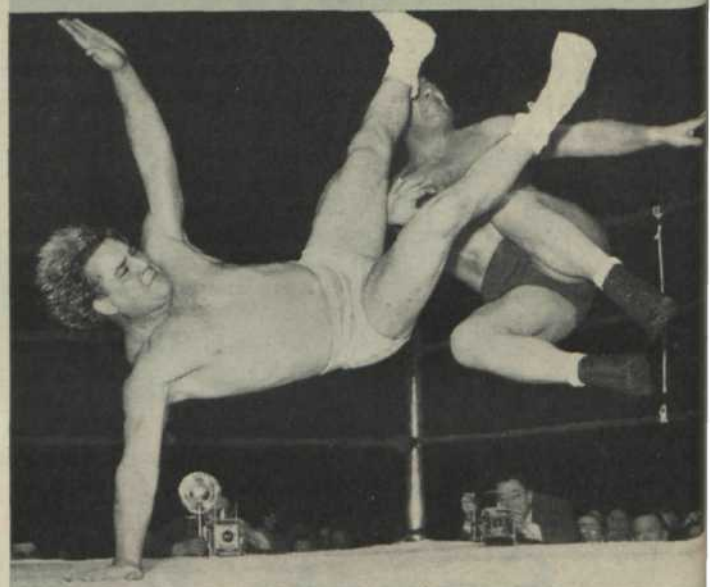
During last basketball season when there were more opinions about TV than there were sets, Irish wearied of the gumbeating and decided to get at the facts. The cameras would be barred from the first half of the season, the second half would be televised. Nothing unusual was noted during the first half season. But advance sales jumped considerably during the second half even in cases where one team had its allure dimmed by losses.

ABC telecast from the Garden the final games of last season's National Invitational and NCAA basketball tournaments. Advance fanfare purposely was withheld. ABC's surveys show that the games were seen in at least 451,000 homes and



WAGNER FROM MONKMEYER

The roller derby banged along virtually unnoticed until TV brought action into homes



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

The wrestling industry will admit that the cameras made new fans, many of them women



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

While the Big Ten will not permit live television this year, Notre Dame and others will



viewed by at least 1,500,000 persons. Around New York at that time the cost of one ticket to these events would have taken about all the sheep in Montana.

When Bradley University in Peoria fought to the finals to meet City College of New York for the NCAA title, some doubt was expressed that the telecast would be received in Peoria. An aroused citizenry swamped the Garden with telephone inquiries, first about nonexistent tickets, then about the telecast, finally organized telecast parties in neighboring communities where the game could be viewed. Irish tells of certain Bradley partisans who came all the way to New York, despite knowledge that no possible means remained to enter the Garden, just to be certain of seeing the game on television. Bradley dropped the decision.

A few years ago when the roller derby first appeared in New York, not even a set of dishes with each free ticket could lure New Yorkers to the 69th Regiment Armory. The derby went on television in November, 1948. The gross take this year will be at least \$3,000,000.

One game of the recent roller derby "world series" at Madison Square Garden was played during the first pleasant afternoon following a dismal cold spring. Despite outdoor attractions the Garden was a sellout. And the keepers of the tills noted that the audience was at least 50 per cent women.

According to the folks who watch such things, the presence of the distaff side at sporting events has been caused first by radio and in increasing numbers by television. It appears that TV is responsible for transferring the emotional nipups of the fair sex from the romantic Valentinos and Sinatras to sweaty males with muscles. The wrestling industry will admit that it has received a terrific shot in the arm. A sample audience in the Garden has revealed that as many as 42 per cent will be feminine.

As for boxing, the foment is not over whether or not to televise but over who shall eat the steaks accruing from it. The International Boxing Club, which produces fights as a tenant of the Garden, and outdoor boxing events in the summer, was faced recently with a confiscatory ultimatum by the New York Managers' Guild. Thereafter, said the managers, their share of the TV proceeds would be fatter, much fatter, than before. To fight managers a cost sheet has the same clarity as a Chinese laundry ticket written in native Cantonese. Theirs is a traditional belief that you get "nowheres" without first screaming for all the boodle. For several years this has been an annual beef with an eventual compromise settling the matter as it did this time.

The Garden feels that 72 per cent of the fight gates and 50 per cent of the rights from 35 boxing shows, a take of around \$185,000, should satisfy the gladiators and their managers. When the sponsor gives with more cash, the divvy will increase.

Other areas are differently affected. Plenty of fight promoters disdain television. Others have advanced the thought that the buyer of TV rights should guarantee a maximum percentage of the seating capacity. In this, the network people have spotted what they regard as a major flaw. What would prevent the promoter from matching a pair of stumblebumps for peanuts, cut down his normal

promotion expense and merely pocket the guarantee? Agency people feel that such a course would be like buying the headaches of the promoter, merely adding them to a business already in the high-ulcer brackets. Like anyone else, they point out, sponsors have budgets.

Harry Markson, well regarded publicist of the New York end of the IBC, feels that TV already has brought back old clients to the fights and added a feminine contingent. He points out that TV personalizes a fighter; people take sides through television more readily than even through radio. "Fight fans like the jostling, the noise. It's part of the show," Harry says. "And the day will come when there'll be a big difference between the fan who can say, 'I was there,' and the fellow who says, 'I saw it on television.'"

The studio people also feel that television can help sports, first by attracting the curious and then educating them to the fine points of whatever game they are watching. They feel that actual attendance at sports events will follow naturally.

For example, they point out that when Red Barber saw Jackie Robinson, Dodger speedster, feinting to steal second base, thus driving a pitcher frantic, Red wanted the scene portrayed on TV. It was too small an image, protested the director. Red insisted it was too good a story to miss. After hours of dopping out how, the CBS cameras handling the Dodgers last year came up with a montage effect of Robinson leaping and jumping in one corner of the screen, while a distracted pitcher was seen in the other portion. The incident evoked countless letters and marked a milestone in TV reporting.

Off that result the director and Barber consulted with each other before game time, and, with the entire staff, went over a sort of battle plan for the day's game. When Pee Wee Reese, Dodger shortstop, consistently was thefting second base, Barber narrowed the cameras to a study of Pee Wee's feet. By noting their alignment, Barber was able to tip

*(Continued on page 86)*



**Dizzy Dean, champion of fractured grammar,**  
has a wide following for his broadcasts





# THE TURKEY'S IN THE

**B**OB OSGOOD, a sturdily constructed young Californian with blond hair and pleasing personality, is a product of a new way of life.

The new way stems from square dancing, a pastime which is enjoying a hearty revival throughout the country. Its homely, rhythmic appeal has caught on from Hollywood to Broadway and at most points in between. Thousands turned out recently for festivals in Chicago and Houston. The pleasing craze was the *piece de resistance* at the inaugural ball for the governor of Texas. The smart Flamingo Hotel at Miami Beach hires a professional caller from Vermont to divert its winter patrons. Comes summer, he works at New Hampshire's swank Manchester-by-the-Sea.

In Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Arizona, Pennsylvania, Oregon—on a Mississippi river boat at New Orleans and in the streets of small Iowa towns—square dancing has taken the public's fancy. But in Los Angeles, which always likes to do things in a big way, square dancing has approached the proportions of a mania.

Seventy-five thousand Angelinos—the majority of them in their middle years of life—are twirling, gliding and shuffling to

**SQUARE dancing's revival has brought fun to countless Americans of all ages and fostered a million-dollar industry**

the catchy beat of "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Little Brown Jug," and a hundred other tunes that came across the mountains with the forty-niners.

A million-dollar industry has grown up around them, happily supplying their needs for square dance books, records, instruction, information and clothes. And that's where people like Bob Osgood come in.

Osgood literally sashayed himself right out of the soda pop business into a full-time career as one of the leading square dance impresarios of southern California.

He's typical of perhaps a score or more of the top personalities across the nation who comprise the recently arrived professional elite of modern-day square dancing.

Besides Osgood, there are such men as Dr. Lloyd "Pappy" Shaw of Colorado Springs, universally

recognized as the grandfather of contemporary American square dancing; Herb Greggerson of El Paso, Texas, noted caller and square dance author who also conducts nation-wide dance institutes; Dr. Carl Journell, former Houston dentist who turned caller, teacher and maker of dance records; Ed Durlacher, New York caller, author and expert who puts Manhattan's do-si-do-ers through their paces at the famous Central Park Mall; and Charley Thomas of New Jersey, who conducts summer dance camps.

Styles of these professional teachers differ widely. One, for instance, may be a singing caller, while Osgood and Shaw are what are known as "patter" callers. They call 'em out in a kind of lilting monotone, with an occasional dash of "patter" here and there—usually improvised—to fill in the beats while the dancers are





# STRAW AGAIN

By JOSEPH STOCKER

completing a figure. A typical bit of patter:

Vinegar Meg and Cotton Eyed Joe  
They certainly make a mess of the  
do-si-do

When they put their hands where  
their feet ought to go and one more  
change and on you go.

And there's one Negro caller  
who syncopates his calls with jive.

Just as the style of callers  
differs, so does the style of dancing.  
Southern Californians dance  
faster than New Englanders, but  
not as fast as the Kentucky "run-  
ning set." Over and above every-  
thing else, southern California's  
style is characterized by a typi-  
cally west coast inventiveness and  
informality. As one caller ex-  
plained:

"New England likes to stick to  
the letter. To a certain piece of  
music they do a certain dance, the  
same way always. They don't  
really need a caller. Out here the  
dancers depend entirely on the  
caller, and he's never consistent.  
He'll start one dance, go into an-  
other and then come back to the  
first one. We call it 'hashing.' "

To return to Osgood, his success  
has led to publication of a maga-  
zine called *Sets in Order*, opera-  
tion of a record shop under the  
name of Record Square, and the  
coauthoring of two books. He's

also produced a television show,  
stage show and an extravaganza  
at Hollywood Bowl, complete with  
a 98 piece symphony orchestra.  
He spends his nights calling for  
dances throughout the city and a  
good part of his days answering  
the telephone. (Where are the  
Calicos and Plaids dancing to-  
night? What's the third verse of  
"Life on the Ocean Wave?" How  
do we form a square dance club in  
our neighborhood?)

"I'm just about going crazy,"  
says Osgood, nervously smoothing  
the collar of his western shirt  
which, along with his frontier  
pants and cowboy boots, consti-  
tutes the everyday business garb  
of a young man going places in  
the square dance business.

But it's a good kind of crazy.  
Osgood, making more money than  
he ever made advertising soda pop  
and having twice as much fun,  
would be quick to assure you of  
that. And so would the legions of  
folk in Los Angeles and its  
environs who are swingin' on the  
corner like swingin' on a vine, and  
swingin' that next gal down the  
line.

Osgood saw square dancing  
commence to catch on during the  
war, and he caught on with it. On  
leaves from the Navy he organ-  
ized square dances for service men.

"Social dancing was a knock-  
down, drag-out affair because  
every boy danced differently," he  
recalls. "I decided to inflict square  
dancing on them. They tried a  
few squares, and it took.

"We all sort of feel that the war  
was the greatest single factor in  
the growth of square dancing. It's  
a natural mixer, and the girls  
didn't have to go and hug up tight  
with guys they didn't like. But  
they could still be real friendly."

Blown out of the war by an ex-  
ploding gun in the Pacific, Osgood  
went to work for the soda pop  
company. His dancing interest  
grew with the passing days and  
soon he found himself getting up  
at 4:30 a.m. so he could get his  
office work done and still keep up  
with his new interest. His secre-  
tary was handling as many calls  
for square dance information as  
for soda pop. He decided some-  
thing had to give.

"My business was interfering  
with my pleasure, so I quit my  
business," is the way Osgood  
tells it.

The advent of 1950, which Bob  
calls the "most terrific year" of  
square dancing in Los Angeles,  
saw the Osgood home become at  
the same time a square dance  
capital and small western edition  
of Bedlam. The living room had



been converted into a record shop, the magazine was being edited in a bedroom.

With television also booming, Bob has found it a made-to-order medium for spreading his dance gospel. During one of his programs, 36 people danced in a single living room to calls and instruction coming from their video screen.

But the response hasn't all been favorable. In a television version of "Boomp a Daisy," Bob called for the gents to "put your cheek next to hers and grin, and kiss her if you dare," at which point a TV gent resoundingly bussed a TV girl. Next day a crochety viewer wrote in to say that he didn't think a man ought to kiss a woman on television, that he had two daughters whom he didn't want exposed to that sort of thing, and would never tune in again.

Although square dancing has attracted a surprising number of youngsters and not a few oldsters (there were two great-grandmothers in Osgood's Hollywood Bowl show), its appeal is strongest for people in the middle-years span. From Osgood and others who have their fingers on the foot-beat of Los Angeles comes the estimate that 65 to 70 per cent of the dancers are people ranging in age from their mid 30's to their early 50's.

To most of them square dancing has brought the keenest pleasure. To others it has brought more than mere pleasure, proving, in fact, to be a sort of cure-all for what ailed them—a combination, as it were, of spring tonic, a trip to the doctor's and psychoanalysis.

Around Los Angeles they tell some strange and heart-warming stories of miracles wrought to the two-four tempo of a fiddle, piano, guitar and hundreds of skipping feet.

They tell, for instance, of the aircraft worker who was an alcoholic. He square danced himself out of it. Square dancing, incidentally, is a regular pastime now of several chapters of Alcoholics Anonymous in Los Angeles.

And they tell of a man and wife who were about to take their troubles to a divorce court. They

had little in common—until someone lured them out to a foot-and-fiddle session. Today they are closer than ever before.

A refugee from Europe, haunted by the grisly memory of years in a Nazi concentration camp, screamed every night in his sleep. He turned to square dancing and his nightmares vanished. Now he plans to go back to the old country for a visit. He hopes to introduce square dancing over there, with the thought that it will help others as it did him.



Bob Osgood calls 'em out in a kind of lilting monotone, adding occasional bits of patter

And there's the lawyer who developed heart trouble. He went to his doctor, expecting he'd be told to take it easy. The prescription: Square dancing—and lots of it. Jaded nerves were soon repaired.

Maybe these sound like testimonials in a patent medicine advertisement, but Bob Osgood and his fellow professionals will swear to them on a stack of square dance music. The answer seems to be something which Angelinos in particular and many Americans in general have come to recognize: Square dancing goes hand in hand with that will-o'-the-wisp—peace of mind.

Perhaps it's nothing more than

that square dancing is an exhausting physical exercise which knocks the tensions, worries and complexes out of people. But Osgood and the others think it goes deeper than that. In the revival of this old-fashioned pastime they see a resurgence of neighborliness, a new emphasis on family unity, a broadening of interests and a return to the homely virtues of American life.

"This," exclaimed one man, "has completely changed my life. I find now that I'm an extrovert, and it took square dancing to bring it out. It must have been there all the time. It's given me an opportunity to find myself, so to speak."

Others have found in the dance an outlet for a common urge to wear rustic attire in passionate hues. Time was when a square dancer would turn out in a pair of old slacks and an open-collared shirt. Nowadays that would be almost as unseemly as turning out with no clothes on at all.

It has to be checkered calico or some such attire for the lady, and loud western shirts, with frontier pants and cowboy boots, for the gents. Some Angelinos, in fact, claim that square dancing is particularly a "men's dance" because, for the first time, the men folk can indulge their fancies for riotous colors and comfort without worrying about convention.

Besides the thousands in Los Angeles who already are dancing seven nights a week, other thousands outside the city are learning the complexities of do-si-do and allemande left. One instructor in Glendale had 1,140 adult students at the latest reckoning. One hundred fifty thousand children are receiving instruction in public schools.

Throughout the Los Angeles area approximately 600 clubs have sprung up. They range from little groups of eight couples, dancing in a neighbor's rumpus room, to combines of 200 and more which require the spaciousness of an armory. There's even a square dance group of paraplegics and polio victims. They do their "dancing" in wheel chairs and call themselves the Square Wheelers.

The clubs in turn have organ-

(Continued on page 71)





# Discourteous (and dangerous) Driving in 10 easy lessons

**1. Hogging Cross Walk**



**2. Jogging Car Back and Forth**



**3. Approaching X Too Fast**



**4. Starting Too Quick**



**5. Crossing on Amber or Red**



**6. Turning Bumper to Bumper**



**7. Cutting Corners Too Close**



**8. Right Turn from Left Lane**



**9. Stopping Too Suddenly**



**10. Hair-Trigger Horn Blowing**



**H**ERE are ten tested ways to be the life (or the death!) of the party at any intersection. The driving faults you see here are among the most common seen throughout the nation.

Many a motorist, when he's behind the wheel, fails to display the common courtesies he would never forget when he's in his living room. Laws cannot regulate motoring manners, but self-restraint and courtesy while driving offer the best chance of reducing the staggering automobile accident toll.

Remember . . . a *courteous* driver is a *careful* driver! Protect yourself and others by safe driving.

If you'd like copies of a poster containing these ten cartoons, just drop us a line on your business letterhead.

For claim service in emergency, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25, who has the name and address of your nearest U. S. F. & G. Agent.



**United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, Baltimore 3, Md.**

**Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Corporation, Baltimore 3, Md.**

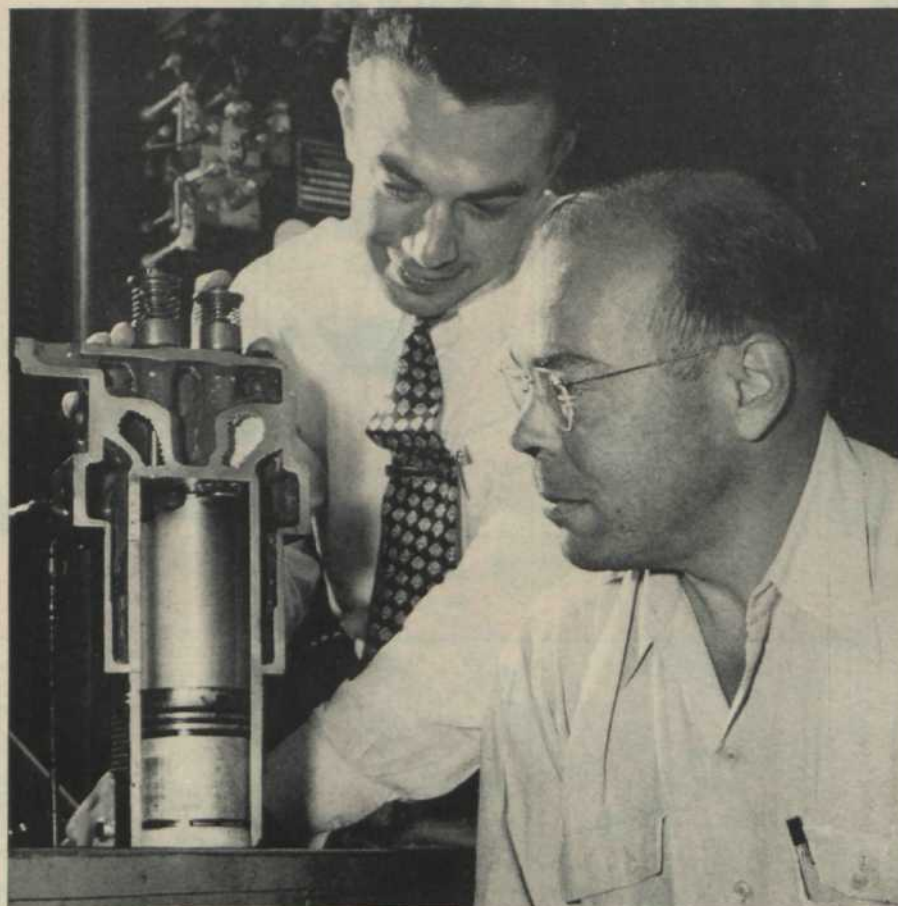
**Fidelity Insurance Company of Canada, Toronto**

CONSULT YOUR INSURANCE AGENT OR BROKER  
AS YOU WOULD YOUR DOCTOR OR LAWYER



# Engine that Snubs Octane

By HARLAND MANCHESTER



PHOTOS BY R. I. NESMITH

The inventor, right, and an associate with a cylinder cross section

**AFTER 30 man-years of work, engineers have come up with a knockless motor. But, it'll be some time yet before you'll find one in a car**

**I**N a small laboratory at Beacon, N. Y., overlooking the Hudson River, there is a new engine which, if it lives up to its early promise, may revolutionize the entire automotive and refining industries.

When I first saw this engine, it was purring away on 100 octane gasoline under a load condition simulating actual highway use. It behaved well—nothing strange about that. But then its inventor switched the feed line over to a can of kerosene. That engine should have knocked its head off, but absolutely nothing happened. It continued to purr like a kitten full of

cream, and the needle on the temperature dial did not even waver. He then shifted to several other fuels up and down the octane scale. The engine showed no interest in his actions.

This amazing engine simply will not knock. Although its compression ratio is 10-1, this engine never heard of octane. And repeated tests indicate that no matter what you feed it, it should boost miles per gallon at average speeds by something like 30 per cent over the present-day automobile. A completely new method of burning the fuel, by means of a small cyclone,

is the secret of its performance.

No woodshed brain storm, the engine is the invention of Everett M. Barber, supervisor of engineering research at the Beacon Laboratories of The Texas Company, one of the country's leading refiners of petroleum products. Barber began building his engine eight years ago, heading a team of engineers which has put in a total of 30 man-years on the project. He has built successively five different experimental engines, without counting variations, at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. Now he reports that he has reached his goal—the knockless engine.

Knock has always been the limiting factor in engine power, and billions of dollars have been spent in the past 30 years to silence that ping. Everybody has known that the chief way to get more power out of an engine and more miles per gallon is to increase the compression ratio—to make the piston go farther toward the top of the cylinder. That squeezes the fuel mixture into smaller volume, so that when it burns it expands more, driving the piston downward with a more powerful punch.

But as you increase compression ratio the engine's appetite becomes more finicky, and unless a higher octane fuel is supplied, a part of the charge will ignite prematurely, diminishing power and causing knock. Hence the campaign of refiners to turn out better fuels, which has been going on ever since 1922, when Thomas Midgley started the ball rolling with his epochal discovery that the addition of tetraethyl lead to the fuel would reduce a knock.

In the past decade, chemical methods of rebuilding the gasoline molecule have boosted octane numbers to new high levels. But the octane appetites of Detroit's "drawing-board" motors are almost insatiable. Each added octane number in motor fuel costs about \$500,000,000 in equipment alone.

While generations of students have read in the textbooks that knock can be licked only by making chemical changes in the fuel, a few iconoclasts have had the nerve



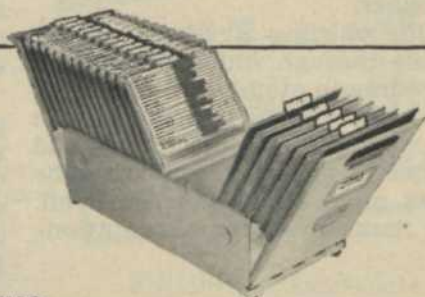
# Here's how to lower your accounting costs . . .

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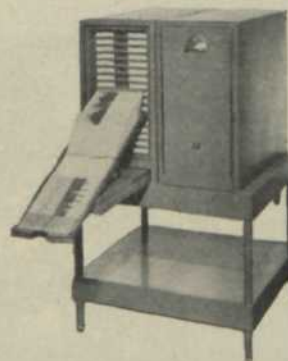
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Remington Rand Inc.



in recent years to turn off this main-traveled route and look for short cuts. Barber, a 41 year old mechanical engineer from Penn State, who also raises hybrid blueberries, got his idea for a new motor when he went to work for The Texas Company studying engine knock. Company leaders backed him with skilled assistance and generous research funds. He spent a year at Harvard sopping up more data, and the engine began to take shape.

What set him off was the discovery of a missing link in the reasoning of the automotive and petroleum industries. Almost everyone was explaining engine knock in terms of temperature and pressure. Little was said about time.

In your car, after the spark ignites the vaporized gasoline, it takes about two hundredths of a second for the flame front to cross the combustion chamber and either burn the fuel evenly or cause a knock. If in some way he could cut down the time of combustion, he reasoned, the engine wouldn't have time to knock.

At a quick glance, Barber's new motor looks like an ordinary one-cylinder gasoline engine of the kind used in many automobile lab-

oratories for testing fuels. In fact, below the combustion chamber, it is the same. The essential difference is this: *today's engine pulls in the whole load of fuel and then sets fire to it—Barber's engine feeds in the fuel only as fast as the fire will burn it.* It burns the charge of fuel as fast as today's engine does, so the engine speed remains the same, but no unburned fuel remains in the chamber longer than about a thousandth of a second. The fuel has no time to knock!

A "baby cyclone" does the trick. In your engine, the carburetor mixes fuel with air and a measured amount of the mixture is pulled in for each combustion. Barber's engine has no carburetor, and it pulls in a charge of pure air before any fuel enters. The air stream is given a swirl by means of a vane at the intake, so that it travels many times around the circular wall of the combustion chamber.

This whirling air stream passes a hole through which an injector is feeding in atomized fuel. Acting like a conveyor belt, the air stream picks up the fuel in passing and carries it "downstream" to the spark plug, which touches it off. The flame front remains station-

ary while the air stream delivers the fuel to it—just the reverse of the way things work in your engine.

Since this engine cannot knock, all it cares about is the number of heat units in the fuel. Barber showed this dramatically by running it on normal heptane, a fuel which oil chemists use to indicate zero on the octane scale, and then shifting to iso-octane, which stands for 100 at the top of the scale. Performance was the same because both fuels, when burned, give off about the same heat.

A six-cylinder engine, now in the design stage, will be mounted in a car for road tests. Meanwhile, by using laboratory instruments which are standard throughout the automobile and petroleum industries, Barber can accelerate his engine, brake it, and put it through all manner of simulated road conditions. Drive up a long hill in high with this engine and instead of knocking, it simply slows down, and if you don't shift eventually it will stall like any other motor.

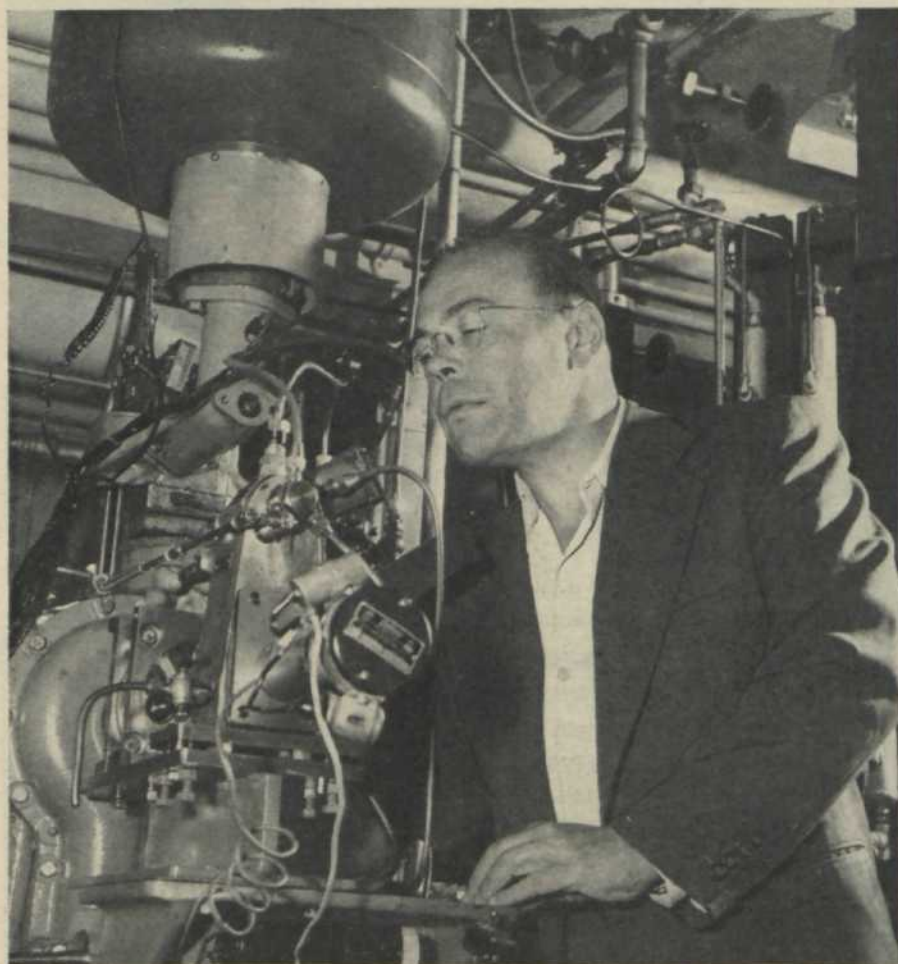
Aside from giving more miles per gallon with anything from kerosene up, it should behave about like today's engines, he predicts. It should present no new problems in automobile design, says Barber, and might ease some old ones.

The greater flexibility of an engine which won't knock should lead to a simpler and less expensive transmission. Starting might be easier because these cylinders prime themselves. Radiators should be smaller with a great saving in copper, because the more efficient an engine is, the more heat it uses in useful work, and the less there is to be carried away by the cooling system.

On the other side of the ledger, Barber predicts that his engine will cost a few dollars more, chiefly because the diesel fuel injector which it now uses is costlier to manufacture than the carburetor which it displaces. This price difference can be overcome, he believes, by the adaptation of a much less expensive device now on the market.

The wider implications of a knockless engine with a democratic appetite are terrific. In recent years we have spent more on high octane refinery equipment than we did on the atom bomb. During the war, our problem of fueling planes, both diesel and gasoline ground vehicles, and diesel ships, was greatly complicated by the varieties of fuel needed. Barber's engine points the way toward a universal fuel.

While this engine was designed



Engine that threatens to revolutionize the car and oil industries



for automobiles, nothing about the principle prevents its adaptation for airplanes. Such planes would use a cheaper and more plentiful fuel, and, most important, a far safer fuel.

Planes might still crash, but they would be less likely to explode. And higher compression ratios, with more miles per gallon, would greatly increase flying range.

With octane numbers forgotten, the filling station's twin-pump system would disappear, and a standard fuel would serve cars of all vintages and engine types. The first users of such cars could buy a year's supply of kerosene fuel for 12 cents a gallon or so, but if the engines are widely adopted, there will not be enough kerosene to stoke them, and it will be necessary to blend a wide range of petroleum products to fill the demand. The whole structure of motor fuel taxes would have to be rebuilt to fit the new situation, but even then the fuel should be cheaper than today's gasoline—with a great increase in miles per gallon.

**E**VEN if this revolutionary motor should be greeted with open arms by the automobile and oil industries, it obviously would be several years before it could supplant present motors on the highways.

Barber states that many existing engines could be converted by manufacturers without seriously changing their basic structure.

The Texas Company will not go into the automobile business, but will offer license agreements to reputable manufacturers.

A motor that yields top efficiency on almost any fuel will greatly extend the world's supply of crude oil. Today about 44 per cent of a barrel of crude is converted into motor gasoline. About 71 per cent of that barrel can be made into fuel for the Barber engine, and you could boost that figure higher except that some kerosene is needed for other uses.

Of course, the petroleum pie is cut into several slices for different uses, but since the greatest demand is for motor fuel, the resultant boom in our effective petroleum reserves would make the great East Texas oil strike look like a spit in the ocean.

Several foreign engineers, using different approaches, also are trying to banish knock and increase power by rebuilding the engine instead of the fuel. Signs indicate that unless we put such an engine to work in the reasonably near future, someone else will.



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# When Good Neighbors Get Together

(Continued from page 34)

activities for better eating and better living in Peru.

In the division of public health and sanitation, Institute experts and their Peruvian associates literally have transformed whole areas. One of the first problems tackled in 1942 was the deadly malaria in the coastal town of Chimbote. Incidence of this disease averaged 25 per cent the year around. Despite Chimbote's favorable location as an industrial city, its population was stationary at about 5,000.

Today, a new drainage and sanitation plan, embracing 887,000 square meters, gives mosquitoes small chance to survive. Ordinances make health measures compulsory. Malaria has been reduced to two per cent and population has risen to 12,000. The town is developing enough electric current to supply a substantial trade area, and there's promise of continued expansion in manufacturing and shipping.

Director of the Institute's Cooperative Health Service is Dr. Frederick J. Wampler, experienced in public health work in Washington, China and his home state of Virginia. He has on his staff from the United States two sanitary engineers, one medical officer, one industrial hygiene expert, two public

health nurses and two office workers. The other 556 members of the service are Peruvians.

Launches, jeeps and airplanes take physicians and nurses on regular runs into remote areas. Five hospitals and two ten-bed dispensaries have been built in jungle towns. Nineteen sanitary posts are tucked away in areas so remote that few travelers care to visit them. Seven doctors each operate a medical post in still other regions.

Many of these medical men have studied public health and sanitation in the United States on grants from the Institute of Inter-American Affairs. One of them, Dr. Jorge Atkins, whose father came to Peru as a young man and married there, is in charge of the health program in Loreto. He has under his direction three hospitals, four dispensaries, a general health center and 15 jungle sanitary posts. He and his staff operate two medical launches. Airplane service brings Lima within three hours of an area which a generation ago was almost isolated from the coast by the Andes Mountains. They operate the 120 bed Santa Rosa Hospital in Iquitos, opened by the service in 1945.

Nurses penetrate to the remotest parts of Peru. Sometimes their offices are in trucks or on floating rafts. They give inoculations,

assist the physician in the treatment of infections, issue medical supplies. They assist in teaching expectant mothers and hold classes in child care.

As an example of a program for improvement of rural health, look in on Tingo Maria, a community of 5,000 on the eastern watershed. Here the tropical temperature and heavy rainfall are ideal for the cultivation of manioc, cocoa, tea, rice, yucca, pineapple, citrus fruits and rubber. In 1942, the total health facilities consisted of a small outpatient clinic, with one physician working part time.

In 1943 a service survey showed 99 per cent of all children infected with hookworm or other parasites. A campaign was waged for the construction of toilets, clean drinking water and wholesome foods, an appreciation of the need for shoes, and periodical examination of children. As a result a 40 bed hospital was built. A mobile dispensary servicing workmen on the Tingo Maria-Pucallpa highway attended 11,692 patients during the 18 months it was in operation.

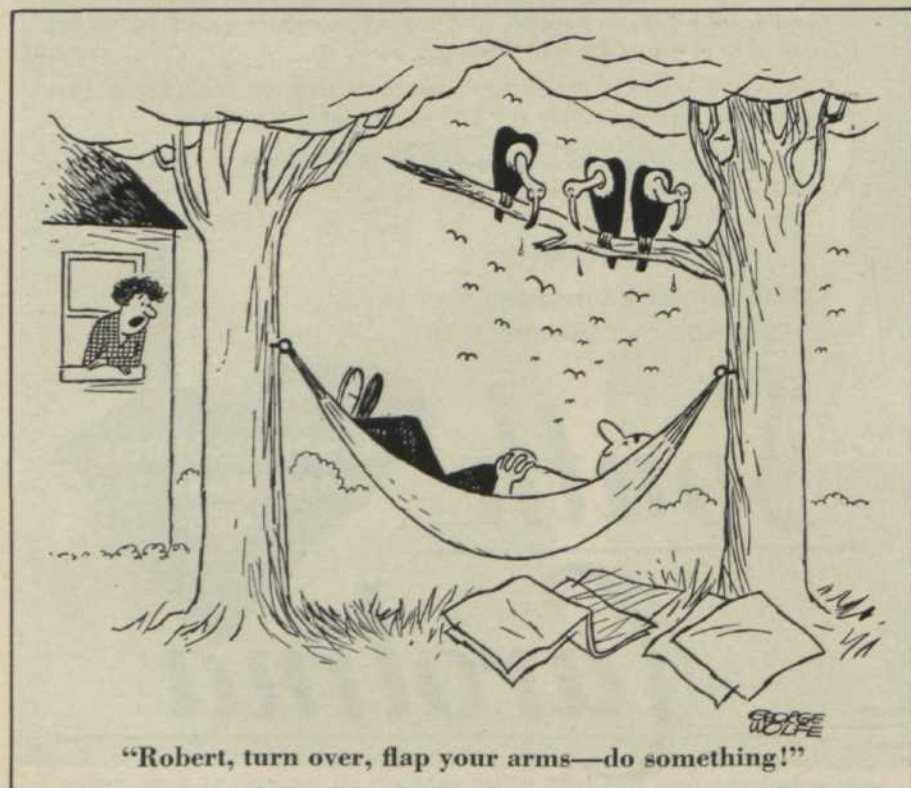
"Recent examinations show that the percentage of school children infected with intestinal parasites has been cut about in half, while other infections have dropped from 67 to five per cent and malaria has been cut to less than one per cent," Dr. Wampler told me. And the director added, with understandable pride:

"It's hard to measure in dollars the results of this sort of good-neighborly cooperation."

Industrial hygiene is an important activity of the Institute's health services. M. F. Trice, director, heads a staff of two United States consultants and 20 Peruvian technicians. Among the latter are five physicians, five chemical engineers and several laboratory experts.

About 30,000 persons are employed in the metal mines of Peru, bringing out zinc, silver, vanadium and copper ores. Silicosis, the disease resulting from inhaling dust, has been a constant and deadly menace to miners. The service made a systematic study of dust in the mines. Legislation was passed calling for the use of masks and other preventive measures. Periodic counts of dust, and regular checks on the health of miners indicate remarkable progress in three years' time.

The education division, established in 1943, came into being because of increasing recognition on the part of South American leaders





that industrial and social progress depends on enlightened citizenship. In Peru, Lyle B. Pember is director of this activity. He and his ten North American specialists work in close cooperation with Col. Juan Mendoza Rodriguez, Peruvian minister of education, and 43 nationals.

Rural elementary education and vocational training are the two principal areas of activity in this service. An important task in rural communities has been to construct modern school buildings. Sixteen schools have been completed, and scores more are under construction.

When former President Bustamante of Peru was minister to neighboring Bolivia, some years ago, he and the Bolivian minister of education worked out a plan for educating the Indian children of the *altiplano*—the high plateau of the Andes. The Institute, with cooperation of the Peruvian and Bolivian ministries of education, helped put the plan into effect. Now another neighbor, Ecuador, has joined in. The ministries of education exchange information on school laws, teaching materials and methods.

Increasingly, schools are becoming community centers under the work of the Institute. Parents are encouraged to come and see the work being done, to begin adult studies and to participate in parent-teacher activities. Groups similar to 4-H clubs of the United States are being sponsored.

Multiply the work of the Institute of Inter-American Affairs in Peru by its activities in 15 other countries, large and small, in Latin America, and its most important feature becomes apparent: It is setting the pattern for sound, profitable development of resources in the underdeveloped areas of this hemisphere. The investment of public funds is not intended as a permanent program either for the United States or for our neighbors, but rather as "pilot plant" operations to pave the way for private investment and cooperative enterprise.

But there is another result, immeasurable in its value. The usual frigid formality of international relations melts away in the atmosphere of close personal relations maintained by all hands working in the services. Members of the staffs are no longer "foreigners" one to the other. The effect is a continually deepening understanding that will strengthen for all time the structure of inter-American solidarity and peace.



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# Challenge to the Future

**T**HE PAST is prologue," says Bill Book, president of the American Chamber of Commerce Executives. "I predict that, in the next three decades, the contributions of chamber of commerce executives to their cities, states and to the nation will be so much greater that we, back in 1950, are going to look like a bunch of raw-boned frontiersmen in homespun and ox carts."

A step toward this transformation will be taken Sept. 24 to 27, when the organization has its thirty-sixth annual conference in Omaha.

It is unlikely that Omaha will mistake any of the 600 men and women who attend for "frontiersmen in homespun." People who for more than 30 years have guided American municipalities through the travail of world wars, recessions, reconstructions, housing shortages, strikes, black markets, and a mixed bag of purely local crises are likely to impress strangers as alert and knowing technicians.

But members of ACCE are impressed by neither the record nor each other. They have learned that research can improve the medicines for sick cities just as it improves the medicines for sick bodies, and that accurate diagnosis is as important in treating municipal ills as in any other.

The annual conference is one of the laboratories where new me-

thods of diagnosis are discussed and new dosages explained.

This year's program, as explained by Bill Press of Washington, vice president and chairman of the program committee, "will give particular attention to our objectives over the next half century. This will include coverage of the kind of organizations we are interested in developing and how we may better serve them through improvement of our professional standards."

As guides for the discussions, nationally known speakers will present social and economic topics. International developments, domestic political issues, the American economic system all will come up for study. There will be round-table seminars where members may introduce their own problems and profit by the guidance and experience of those who have faced the same problems before them; but, occupying an important place on the agenda, will be workshop sessions where the problems of chamber of commerce operation will be considered and efforts made to improve not only the methods but the men who put them in operation.

Subjects for these sessions will range from such down-to-earth matters as combined fund raising drives to more rarefied questions of professional standards.

Because of a recent change in the bylaws, ACCE meets this year

for the first time as a restricted professional organization with a code of ethics as devoted as that of any other professional group. This is the fourth milestone in the organization's history.

The first was in 1906 when fewer than 100 men who had taken up and become interested in the hit-or-miss calling of managing chambers of commerce formed the American Association of Commerce Executives. Second came in 1914 when this group and the Central Association of Commercial Secretaries, born in 1909, united to form the National Association of Commercial Organization Secretaries—176 members.

As NACOS the organization continued until 1948 when, at the third milestone, it became ACCE.

During its early years the organization admitted to membership anyone who had an interest in chamber work and the initiation fee—except women, that is. Whether to admit them was hotly debated for years.

As the organization grew, as the job of chamber executive became more complex the need for better training and background became plain. Today those who seek to join ACCE's 1,700 members must meet definite training requirements and ethical standards.

The present state of the world suggests that the discussions at Omaha will not be light and that some of the questions posed will not be easy to answer. No one knows better than the members that some of the answers will be wrong and that some of the ideas which promise most will not work.

They know, too, that predicting certainly "where do we go from here" is beyond the gift of any one except proven soothsayers. They claim no such talents.

But chambers which have budgeted money over the years to send their executives to the annual conference have found that this small investment has brought excellent returns—that men who heal a city's ills return home with a bag full of new municipal unguents.

"The future belongs to those who prepare for it," is the theme of the meeting.

The sessions will be built to give that preparation.



**THE thirty-sixth annual conference of American Chamber of Commerce Executives will be held this month at Omaha with 600 men and women in attendance.**

**The program will center around the objectives of the next 50 years and how to attain them. The session marks the first time that the group has met as a restricted professional organization with a code of ethics**



## Switchboard Business Man

**C.** RODNEY DEMAREST, 28, handles more than 300 phone calls a day at his switchboard in Stamford, Conn., and knows 100 or more numbers by memory. He takes business and personal messages for 64 subscribers.

Sitting in a cubicle office and doing these things for nearly nine hours a day probably would not be considered unusual except that Demarest is blind. He lost his sight in 1940 as the result of an accident.

What amuses him is that he couldn't get a secretarial job in Stamford or New York early in 1946 because of his handicap. He had just completed a course in business and stenography; could take 120 words a minute in Braille shorthand, and knew something about promotional work.

Determined to go into business for himself, he borrowed \$400 and rented a small room in the Stamford business section.

When he opened the office in February, 1946, he planned to provide a telephone answering service, be a public stenographer, and sell desk space on a monthly basis for men who could not afford an office.

Business wasn't good the first few months and Demarest had to borrow another \$100. But by September, 1946, his seventh month on his own, he was able to "draw" \$40 a week for himself.

The Demarest firm today includes 16 full-time employees. The staff handles thousands of letters daily and when business is unusually heavy, six part-time employees are called in.

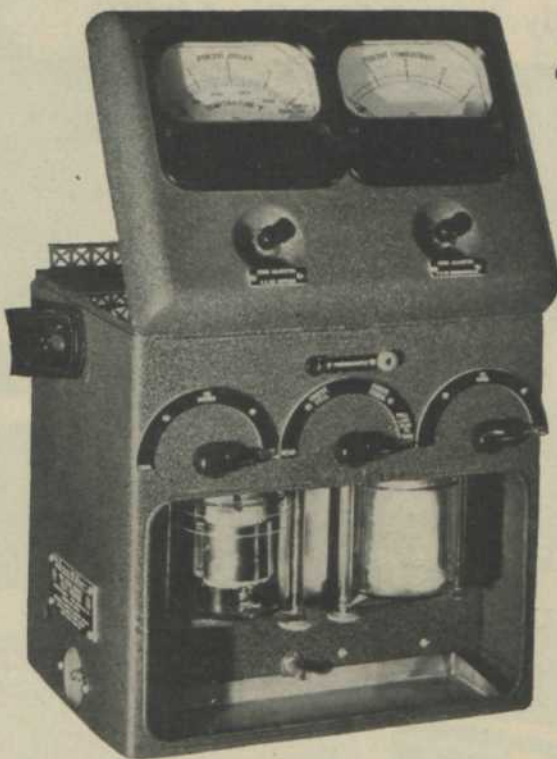
The telephone answering service has expanded to more than 60 clients, each having a phone in Demarest's office. He is able to associate the sound of each buzzer with the right phone.

He takes the messages in Braille shorthand, recorded on ticker tape. At the end of each day's work, Demarest phones the messages to the respective customers, and if they are not at home or in their offices, he types out reports.

Demarest philosophizes: "What I have done proves this country is a land where a fellow with a bit of opportunity, ambition and luck can develop a business. I'd like to see—and to help—other blind persons set up services like mine."

—SANDO BOLOGNA

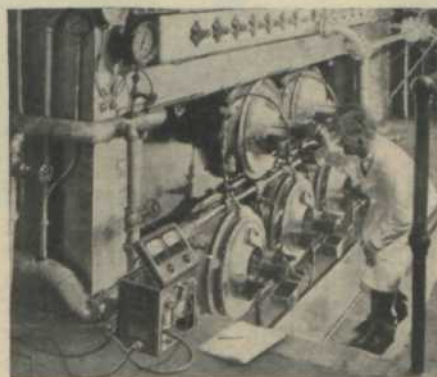
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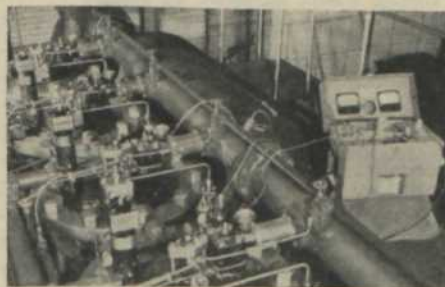
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# Music That Nobody Hears

By LAWRENCE LADER



Muzak's various programs originate and are monitored in a master control room such as this one

NOT LONG ago, an executive of a large eastern manufacturing corporation sat restlessly at his desk while one of his salesmen droned through a long string of statistics. The executive finally reached over and turned a knob on the side of his desk. The lilting refrain of "Once in Love with Amy," which had purred quietly in the background, suddenly blasted from hidden speakers in the ceiling.

"Now what were you saying?" asked the executive. The salesman raised his voice. Promptly the executive turned the music up even louder.

"Speak up, man. Speak up!" he demanded. But the salesman fled. He returned half an hour later with his report digested neatly on half a page of paper.

This slightly unusual lesson in business efficiency was made possible by the equally unusual use of a product, known as Muzak, which has become so commonplace today in restaurants, cocktail lounges, offices and factories that almost everyone takes it as much for granted as the weather. The startled salesman, in fact, was probably listening to Muzak for the first time. For, amazingly

enough, Muzak has based its success on the principle of *not being listened to*. Firm officials call it music for the subconscious.

"When people sit down and listen to it," one of them said, "then we've failed. Although our programs reach 50,000,000 people a day throughout the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, Mexico and Hawaii, we've actually spent a fortune creating a product that we don't want anyone to hear."

The answer to this paradox is that Muzak is music with a purpose. Its objective is not to entertain people, but to serve as a background for what they are doing and help them do it more efficiently or enjoyably. A case in point is a large New York insurance company which employs thousands of clerks and machine operators. Executives were disturbed at the sagging efficiency due to the fatigue of routine work and the clatter of the machines. Then Muzak was installed. Within three months, the efficiency of file clerks, key punch operators and verifiers increased 19.3 per cent.

Similarly, in large department stores its purpose is to make the customer linger for a minute

longer at the cosmetics or hosiery counter and buy a lipstick or pair of hose she had no intention of buying. In restaurants, Muzak aims to create such an aura of relaxation that customers will actually want to stay around for another cup of coffee or a drink.

Most people, who are likely to think of music as something they tune in on their radio for Saturday night dancing or hear at their local concert hall, have no idea of the vast amount of research, money and production that is spent on getting them not to listen. The first step in this process is the creation of the music itself—concert, semiclassical or well known dance tunes which are converted by experts from their routine form to a hushed and other-worldly style that has become a Muzak trade-mark. All strong brassy and vocals, anything that would detract from its quality as background music, are eliminated.

"You can't give a drill press operator bebop or a hot lick on a saxophone," a director explained. "Before you know it, he'll be beating time instead of working."

Although the company employs the best-known orchestras and in-



strumentalists, they play anonymously, their own individual styles patterned to Muzak's special style. After a number is recorded at studios in New York, transcriptions are processed at the company's factory in Elizabethtown, Ky., and become part of the permanent library of more than 6,000 selections. New pieces are added at the rate of 30 a month. Muzak leases them to its franchise-holders in the western hemisphere. A transcription is never sold—even though people have offered as high as \$100 for a piece of music that could have been bought on a commercial phonograph record for a dollar.

The next step in the Muzak paradox of getting people not to listen is to play the right music at the right time. This is the job of 11 experts in the program department.

"One number might be great for relaxing a crowd in a restaurant," a program director explained. "But it could raise Cain with the efficiency of a staff of typists."

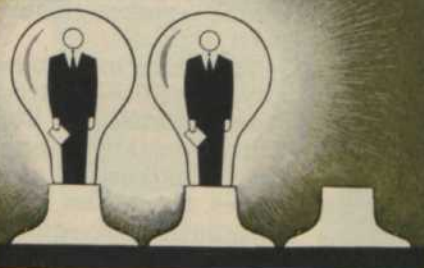
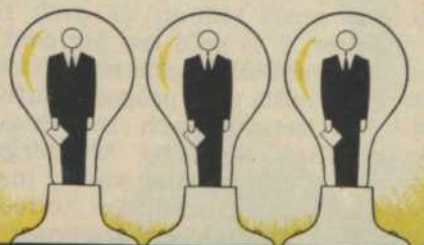
To accomplish this, Muzak prepares a master schedule in New York and insists that all its affiliates stick to it scrupulously. Actually there are four schedules: one for restaurants and hotels, a second for offices and banks, a third for industry, and the fourth for stores. Restaurant patrons, therefore, will be listening to exactly the same piece of music at exactly the same time of day whether in San Francisco, Chicago or Mexico City.

Each program is tailored to the needs of time and place. The restaurant program, for instance, starts off at breakfast with light, bouncy music. This shifts at lunch to semiclassical and light concert pieces. The cocktail hour returns to fast, snappy music with a dash of novelties. The mood becomes more sedate again around dinner time, and then swings into dance tempo and old favorites to liven up the late hours.

By contrast, the industry schedule is specifically aimed at combating the fatigue curves that reach their peak at 10:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. As these hours approach, Muzak opens up with numbers like "Happy Days Are Here Again" and "The Walter Winchell Rhumba," which should shake the average worker out of his doldrums if anything can.

The final step in getting people not to listen depends on Muzak's engineers. "You can't fight noise with more noise," one of them ex-

## Could ownership changes dim YOUR BUSINESS PROSPECTS?



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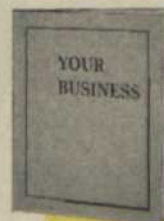
The survivors may be forced to liquidate, or reorganize management with untried heirs or strangers. Earnings usually lose momentum. Directions may be completely changed. The only sure way to forestall such upsets is to prepare for the emergency in advance . . .

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA



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which tells the problems  
of disrupted ownership  
and ways to meet them.  
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plained. "In a crowded factory with machines banging away, an ordinary phonograph record with a fidelity range up to 4,500 cycles would have to be turned up so loud it would strike the ear like a sledge hammer. Instead of relieving a worker's fatigue, you'd be driving him crazy." Muzak, therefore, produces a special electrical transcription with a high fidelity range that runs to 11,000 cycles. In non-technical terms, this means that Muzak can actually be playing at a whisper. Yet the music will reach the worker's ear distinctly.

The company's growth has been one of the phenomena of the past decade. Ten years ago, there were only 791 subscribers, serviced by

nine franchises. Today, there are 7,560, serviced by 69 franchises which cover almost 200 cities.

Its growth has been based on the principle of independent franchises. Except for New York, all Muzak networks are run by local business men who have invested their own capital, built their own studios, and sold their own subscribers. This works well both ways. It naturally means that Muzak takes no financial risk when it enters a new city. From the gross billings of each franchiser, it is paid ten per cent. As the franchiser adds new subscribers, profits soar proportionately.

In return, each franchiser is supplied with its transcription library and weekly master programming schedule. Franchisers are brought to New York, trained in the techniques of running the business and supplied regularly with technical advice and promotion material. Practically every new operation has been a money-maker from the start.

The basic investment of any franchise-holder runs from \$25,000 to \$30,000. This is usually enough to cover the cost of studios, offices, turntables, and the installation of equipment on the subscriber's premises. A small franchise may employ only two or three studio technicians and salesmen. A large franchise like Chicago, which has signed 350 subscribers since 1945, may have as many as

30 on the staff and invest as much as \$300,000 in equipment.

All told, Muzak enterprises took in about \$10,000,000 last year. Half of this was grossed by the franchisers, the other half by the Muzak Corporation. Muzak's \$5,-000,000 includes not only its ten per cent from the franchiser's gross, but its own \$1,000,000 gross in New York as well as additional income from Associated Program Service, a radio transcription subsidiary, and from the manufacture of transcriptions for outside firms at its Kentucky factory.

The idea for Muzak goes back to 1922 when Maj. Gen. George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer of the U. S. Army, proposed the use of electric light lines to transmit music and news through local areas. In Cleveland, a group of business men picked up the idea and began to exploit it through a subsidiary of the North American Company, called Wired Music, Inc. When they found that interference from generators, trolley cars and other sources distorted reception, they changed to telephone lines.

Since restaurants and hotels, the most likely subscribers to the new service, offered less business potential in Cleveland, a group of New Yorkers bought it in 1936. Wired Music became the Muzak Corporation.

The war brought an unexpected impetus. With British workers losing sleep at night from bombings, the Government was trying to relieve factory fatigue and keep production at a peak. Music was introduced in factories for the first time. It proved an immediate success. American observers carried the idea back to the War Production Board in Washington. Muzak officials were contacted and soon music was being piped to war plants from coast to coast.

But the company's real growth started with its new owner, William Benton, in 1941. Benton is a former partner in Benton & Bowles advertising agency and now senator from Connecticut. Some measure of the growth is provided by the fact that Benton has been offered from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 for the stock which he bought for \$132,500.

Benton, weighted



Muzak has some 6,000 special transcriptions of work and background music to select from

New pieces are being added to the permanent library at the rate of 30 each month





down by his senatorial duties, has left the administrative side of Muzak to key lieutenants. Chief among these is Harry Houghton, who has been president of Muzak since 1945.

Under Houghton, Muzak has continued to expand. Banks have discovered that Muzak soothes clients waiting in line, relaxes the tellers. Dress manufacturers found that it put buyers in a receptive frame of mind when visiting their salesrooms. Photographic studios use it to relax clients before the camera. The employees of the Brooklyn Post Office found Muzak so restful to their mail-jangled nerves that they chipped in to pay for its installation.

But the most startling new uses sprang up in the medical profession. Dentists in Minneapolis offered Muzak to their patients through headsets as a therapeutic relief to the unsymphonic buzz of the drill.

**AT** HOUSTON Memorial Hospital and the University of Colorado's School of Medicine, one of Muzak's special programs was piped to the psychopathic wards. One recent experiment in a disturbed patient ward showed that patients who listened to slumber music before bedtime, required far less drugs to put them to sleep than patients in a second ward who had no music to listen to.

At New York's Manhattan General Hospital, patients undergoing plastic surgery with local anesthesia may listen to Muzak over headphones.

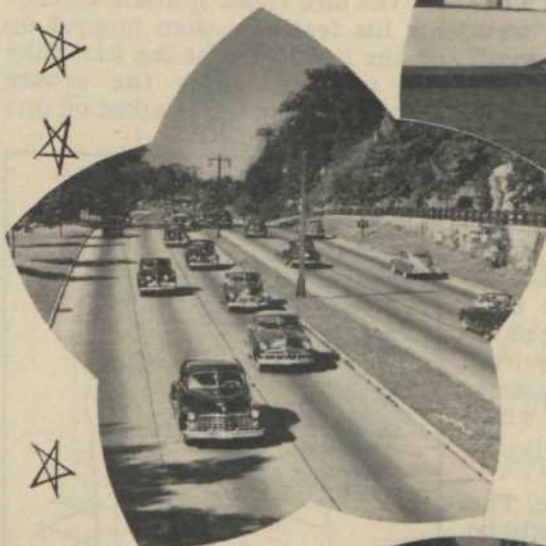
The latest trend is to install loudspeaker outlets and wiring in office and professional buildings during the process of construction. The Mutual Life Insurance building in New York and the Carnation Company, Prudential Life and General Petroleum buildings in Los Angeles are all recent additions to the skyline which are wired for Muzak from basement to roof.

Muzak, in fact, is now pointing toward the day when every American can have its melodies in his own home—the final culmination of the paradox by which millions of people will be living with a background of the one music in the world they aren't supposed to listen to.

Even before this day, however, Muzak already seems to have covered the whole span of American life. As one observer put it, noting its use in both hospitals and funeral parlors: "It's with us from start to finish now from the womb to the tomb."

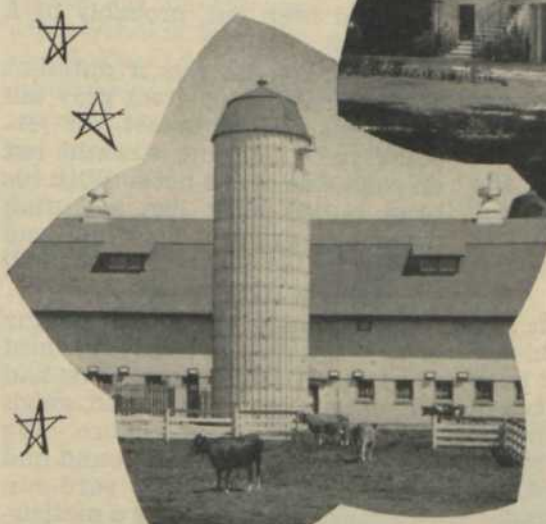
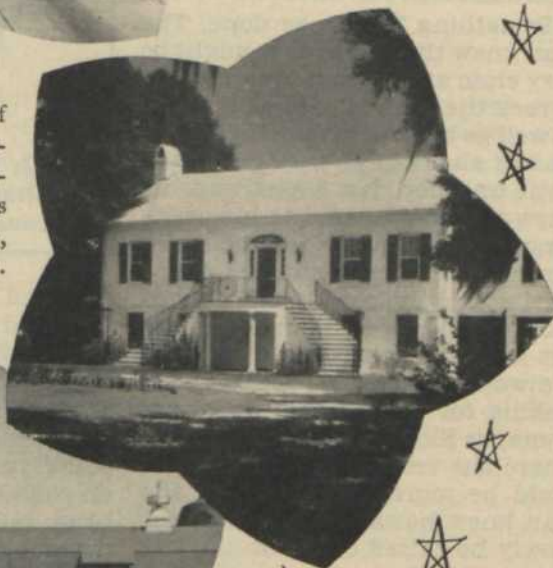
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## PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete ... through scientific research and engineering field work



## The Stump-legged Partridge

(Continued from page 42)

intended to do for he would rather watch that grouse drum than take a half-dozen creels of trout. For an hour or more he lay listening for the patter of a grouse's feet. But time didn't drag. There is much to see when eyes know where to look.

For a time after he reached his station behind a clump of gallberry bushes that screened him from the drumming log, the woods were quiet. Then a flicker, deciding all was well, started to tear away the rotten wood in the top of a large butternut tree. A nearby rain crow kept insisting that it was going to rain while little vireos and warblers darted around the bushes satisfying the ever-present need for food. A saucy chickadee came down close and looked the man right in the face scolding him as an intruder. Then a red squirrel spotted him and this was trouble, for no grouse would show up while the little red rat kept up his chatter.

Something had to be done. The man knew that his grouse might be very close and if he rose to his feet to rock the squirrel away, he might as well go back to his fishing. When he was about to give up his watch until another day something, he knew not what, came to his assistance. The woods became quiet again. The flicker stopped hammering and the red squirrel dashed around the bole of his tree and did not show again. Silently through the woods came a Cooper's hawk, looking for red squirrel or grouse or maybe flickers. He lit in the tree where the red squirrel lived. This could be more bad luck, but the man knew hawks and what to do. Slowly he raised one foot and the hawk slid from his perch and was gone.

Again the woods came to life and the man enjoyed it all. Suddenly he thought he saw movement back under the pine tree but he heard no sound. It was dark back under the low-spreading branches of the pine, but he felt sure the bird was there. His heart began to pound.

Without a sound the man could detect, the grouse stepped out in the open. Rather he slipped out. Every move he made was furtive. Maybe he feared visitors. Maybe it was just his nature to be cautious. He came from under the pine and slipped along close to the log. His

feathers were pressed tight to his body, his tail was held straight out behind him and he carried his head with outstretched neck, low to the ground. Every few steps he would pause to look around as though expecting danger on every side. The man noticed that he seemed to limp and he did not seem exceptionally large.

Apparently the coast was clear, for the bird shook himself, loosening his feathers, then hopped up on the log. Now for the first time the man saw why the grouse seemed to limp—he walked on one



foot and a stump from which the foot had been cut, probably by a steel trap.

On the log he was a different bird. He spread his great gray tail and stuck out his breast, the jet-black ruffs standing straight out on each side of his neck. With his head pulled back like a fantail pigeon, he dragged his wings and walked his log. He strutted with all the pomp of a peacock!

The man who had handled many grouse now felt sure that this bird was larger than any grouse he had ever seen. He felt it would weigh two pounds—maybe more. Big grouse might average a pound and a half, but this was no yard-run specimen. The man was a meticulous fellow. He had weighed all the big grouse he had ever handled and he doubted if a grouse ever weighed two pounds—except this one. He knew that estimated weights and scale weights were two different things and that the scales never bore out the hopes and

claims of sportsmen. Yet this grouse was different. He was the granddaddy of them all.

When it came to strutting this cockbird out-turkey-gobbled the larger bird. Then in a flash his feathers shrunk tight to his body and he stood listening, the last word in alertness. Satisfying himself that all was well he strutted back along the log. Again he apparently became frightened and seemed on the verge of dashing into the air and away from there. This performance he repeated several times, once hopping down off the log and taking a few steps toward cover, before returning.

Now instead of spreading his tail like a peacock, he pushed it flat against the log, tip down tight to brace against as he stood as near upright as he could. His wings rose and came forward, slow at first and then faster. With each forward stroke came the deep hollow boom! until the speed of his wings made a blur in the air and the booming was but a long roll diminishing in volume. The sound was unbelievably loud and the air shook. This over, he again clamped his feathers tight, this time with more or less the attitude of belligerence, ready to defend his "thumping log" against all comers.

The drumming of the cock grouse is the masculine courting performance of the male bird. But at this late season of early summer he could not be expecting a fair visitor. His mate or mates, as the case might be, had long since brought off their broods and were now busy bringing up their families. Rather, like the domestic rooster, he was just showing off for any and all who might care to enjoy a perfect performance. And also if there were any other cock grouse around who wished to make anything of it, he wanted them to know where he could be found.

Twice he drummed that morning, then hopping down off his log he picked around for a few minutes and silently drifted back into the dark under the pine tree. The man stirred himself and he heard the bird fly, not with the roar of the flushing grouse which the hunter knows so well, but just a *twirt* of the first wingbeat and then a silent flight away to safety. It was back to the stream for the fisherman, but his mind was filled more with grouse than with trout.

Man is seldom consistent. Had someone harmed that grouse during closed season this hunter would have felt like doing murder. He would treasure always the



morning experience of seeing the bird drum, yet even now he was thinking of the grouse season to come and the satisfaction of bagging the largest grouse he had ever seen, a wise bird worthy of any man's hunting skill and amply able to take care of himself. When the fall days came the bird would have his chance to test that skill.

On the morning of the first day of the open season the man was again on Butternut Pond and he was there bright and early. He had kept his dog at heel on the long tramp in, which was probably hard for that animal to understand as the pair had passed through much good-looking grouse cover. Now this dog knew all about grouse. He was wise in their ways and his fame of nose and brains was wide. No creeping, crawling grouse dog of yore, this fellow raced through the woods and when he got scent he stopped. His very speed frightened birds to squatting tight instead of slipping away on foot. "With such a dog it would be simple to bag Old Stump-Leg," thought the man.

As man and dog worked out the cover, the dog pointed a grouse and the man killed the first one, for wasn't it the opening day and the bag limit was two birds to a man. After that he looked at each bird flushed and he held his fire. Once he held it too long. It was late in the afternoon when a big bird flushed off to one side of the pointing dog. That second to make sure was all Old Stump needed to put heavy cover between himself and the gun, and he didn't show again until far out of range when he topped out above the trees, headed along the mountainside.

The man had the flight line and he knew now it was but a matter of minutes until he would bag his prize. The pointer wore a sheep bell on his collar. When the bell stopped ringing the man knew the dog was on game, and the bell stopped far up ahead. As the man approached his dog the setting looked perfect. The dog was facing a stone wall, the remains of a forgotten farm. Beyond was an old field of goldenrod and other weeds. The bird was undoubtedly crouched on this side of the wall. He would flush over the wall out into the open and then turn either down or up the hill, it mattered not.

As the man reached his dog he knew the body scent was strong. The pointer's eyes protruded and his mouth slowly opened slightly and closed again as he sucked in the cataleptic odor through quivering nostrils. One step past the

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dog and the bird exploded into the air with a noise like a blast, bringing up dead leaves and twigs with him. According to schedule he headed over the wall as the gun leaped to shoulder. Here something went wrong. Instead of continuing out into the open he dropped like a plummet when once across the wall and tore off behind down the hill. Furthermore, the skill of man and dog could not locate him again that day.

The next Saturday the game was continued. The big bird flushed wild. Of course it was Old Stump-Leg, he made so much more noise than any other grouse that the man could not be mistaken. Man and dog followed the line and again the dog pointed. This time when the man came up, the dog slowly turned his head as though to ask, "Are you ready?" Then he raced ahead with belly low to the ground and again he snapped into a rigid point. In front of him was a dry ditch heavily grown up with blackberries and chestnut sprouts. The air around was open. It seemed strange that a smart bird would choose such a place to hide.

The man got ready and walked to the edge of the gully. No bird flushed. He called "Shoo!" but nothing happened. He tossed a rock into the thicket below him, but no bird came out. Yet the dog stood as though made of marble. At one time a farm bridge had crossed the ditch at this point. The flooring was long since gone, but the old logs still spanned from bank to bank. "He's in that thicket on the far bank," thought the man. "I'll cross over."

The logs looked safe and besides heavy sprouts grew up alongside to steady a fellow and ease the drop if a log should break. Gingerly the man started across. When in about the center of the old dry creek, he heard a commotion beneath him and looking down saw his grouse, his big gray-tailed grouse, coming out and heading up the wash. This was going to be easy. Shifting his feet to shooting position he brought up the gun. The bird was a little to the left and he started to swing the gun over, but it wouldn't swing. The only thing to do was to pull it back and put it out again the other side of a chestnut sprout. There just isn't time enough for such maneuvers when a grouse is going away.

This time man and dog didn't follow the big bird for the man stood where he was and watched that grouse tower out of the low cover and fly straight up the

mountain where it was a hopeless task to follow. Having nothing else to do, the man bagged two lesser grouse and went home.

"Third time is the charm," thought the man and he and the pointer took the field the next Saturday. Again the grouse flushed wild. By now he knew about the ringing bell on the racing pointer. The man thought about taking off the bell, but then he couldn't keep track of his dog. Anyway they had the line so they had followed along. Again the big bird flushed wild, but again he was located and this time he held as the man came up.

Just before the man reached his dog the bird came out with a roar and tore straight away to swing sharply to the left. The gun snapped up, swung with the bird and the trigger was pulled just in time to put the whole load into a pine tree. Now the bird was out in the open and towering. The second barrel cracked and the bird folded, falling straight down—a clean kill. The feelings of the man were elation mixed with regret. No one thought more of grouse alive than he did. No one liked to hunt them more. Yet no one cared less for a dead bird than he did. He thought as he stood waiting for the pointer to bring in the bird that the fisherman has the best of the hunter in that he can catch his fish and release them to catch another day.

Now it is the cardinal rule among hunters in the bird fields always to load your gun immediately after firing it. This the man did not do. He was through for the day. His limit on this day would be one bird. And what a bird. As the pointer came galloping in with the big bird in his mouth, he slid to a stop only three feet in front of the man and as he did so another grouse roared out from beneath a clump of juniper—a great, gray-tailed grouse that made an unusually loud noise as he left the ground. The gun flew to shoulder but the triggers had been pulled. Reaching down the man took a huge gray-tailed grouse from his dog, but this bird had two feet.

On the long drive home that late afternoon the man was happy—not disappointed. There was one more Saturday left in the grouse season and maybe he could get off a day or two through the week. He knew a lot of good grouse covers that needed attention and in his heart he hoped that the stump-legged partridge of Butternut Hill would live many years and fill the covers with birds that could outsmart a man.



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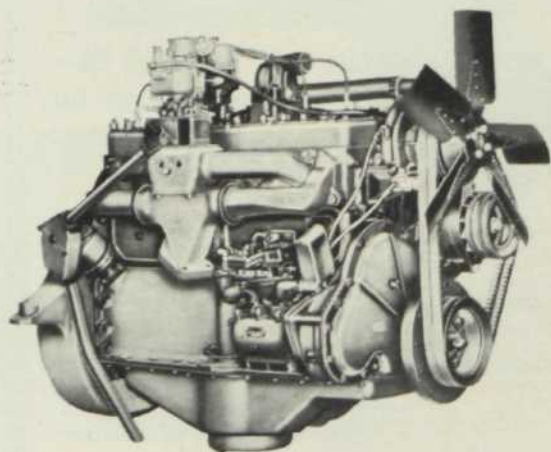
In these new Macks are all the built-in dollar-savers Mack is famed for—the greater stamina, greater strength that come from half a century of specializing in the development and the manufacture of commercial vehicles. All reasons why —“Mack outlasts them all!”

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**THE NEW MACK A-30**—(21,000 lbs. g.v.w.) is the dollar-saver Mack for oil dealers, lumbermen, farmers, stockmen and all truck operators who need a truck of the medium capacity class with Mack's built-in economy, stick-to-the-job stamina and Mack's ruggedness and long life.



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**THE NEW MACK A-405**—a six-wheeler Mack—is one of the huskies among these new Golden Anniversary models. Big job or little job—whatever your hauling task may be—turn it over to a tough, rugged Mack. See your Mack branch or distributor—or ask a representative to call.



*Modernize with Mack!*





# The Man Who Sold Honesty

By ROGER BURLINGAME

**M**OUNTED on a white horse, an erect, wiry man with purposeful eyes, bristling mustaches, and a stubborn chin, rode among the buildings and over the grounds of his domain at Dayton, Ohio. Wherever he looked he saw something wrong: this section of the city, called "Slidertown," was shabby, the streets filled with rubbish. Windows had been smashed by wanton, destructive boys.

But for the man on the white horse to see was to correct. If his factory was to be in Slidertown, Slidertown must change. There would be garden clubs, workshops for the boys. There would be "welfare"—a new word in industry—for all his employes. The word "impossible" was missing from John Henry Patterson's vocabulary. Failure, not success, had been the continual inspiration of this revolutionist and his National Cash Register Company had been nourished in its growth by suspicion, bitter opposition, losses and debt.

He was called "genius" and "tyrant," "benefactor" and "ruthless dictator." His enemies said that he was erratic, half crazy, extravagant, a monopolist, and a model of bad taste; his friends countered that he was the creator of a new business era, a moral crusader, an indomitable fighter for honesty, justice, education and civic welfare and pointed to NCR and Dayton to prove it.

Actually he was a little of all these things but when everything is added up the total is as clear as a sum on the indicator of one of his cash registers: the business

world of today is wholly changed because of his work in it. In 37 years he introduced new principles of educational salesmanship, mail promotion, guaranteed sales territory, customer-service, industrial welfare, the integration of plant and community, worker and employee education, which are commonplace in modern industry and commerce. His cash registers brought standardized prices and above-board dealing in retail business.

**PACE MAKERS  
★  
OF INDUSTRY**

Born in 1844 on a farm near the little town of Dayton, he grew up with a distaste for farming and a hope of education which was continually disappointed. The local schools and Dartmouth College, from which he was graduated in 1867, turned him sour on current teaching methods. At 23 the only job he could get was as a canal toll-keeper, the worst conceivable occupation for a restless, ambitious youth. In the long inactive intervals he started a coal business on a shoestring.

From picayune sales he and his brother, Frank, built up a considerable business in Dayton. It gained him a large acquaintance but once it began to prosper he grew dissatisfied. Everyone needed coal and it was no trick to sell it. To his pioneering, planning, promoting mind it was just plain dull.

One day he met a storekeeper who had bought a crude machine called a cash register to catch a crooked clerk. The idea of it fascinated him and John Patterson never lingered long over mere fascination. With borrowed money, he bought a controlling interest

in the moribund company which manufactured the machine. Suddenly he found himself, instead of a respected merchant, the object of general ridicule. This is the only occasion on record of Patterson's being scared by public opinion. He offered \$2,000 to be let out of his bargain. His offer was refused. The seller thought himself lucky.

So John Henry Patterson found on his hands a down-at-the-heel factory making something that nobody understood and that nobody wanted. The few sales of the National Manufacturing Company's product had been made by personality, by charm, by "born" salesmen.

It was an accepted belief in 1884 that selling was a native talent. Furthermore, in the days of the nation's expansion demand had exceeded supply in most manufactured goods. The only persuasion a salesman need use was against a rival. The job of educating a prospective customer in the use of a new thing was a new job. It is true that inventions like the harvester and the sewing machine were novel enough in their time but results were quickly apparent. The cash register was something else again. Its value appeared only after long use.

What is it? How will it profit me? How can I afford it? It won't make money, will it? Won't it make my prices public—do away with friendly bargaining? These were the direct and veiled questions the salesmen met. It took patience to answer. More than that, it took training, not mere "talent." But the born salesmen who had hung over from the old company had their own rigid philosophy. Patter-



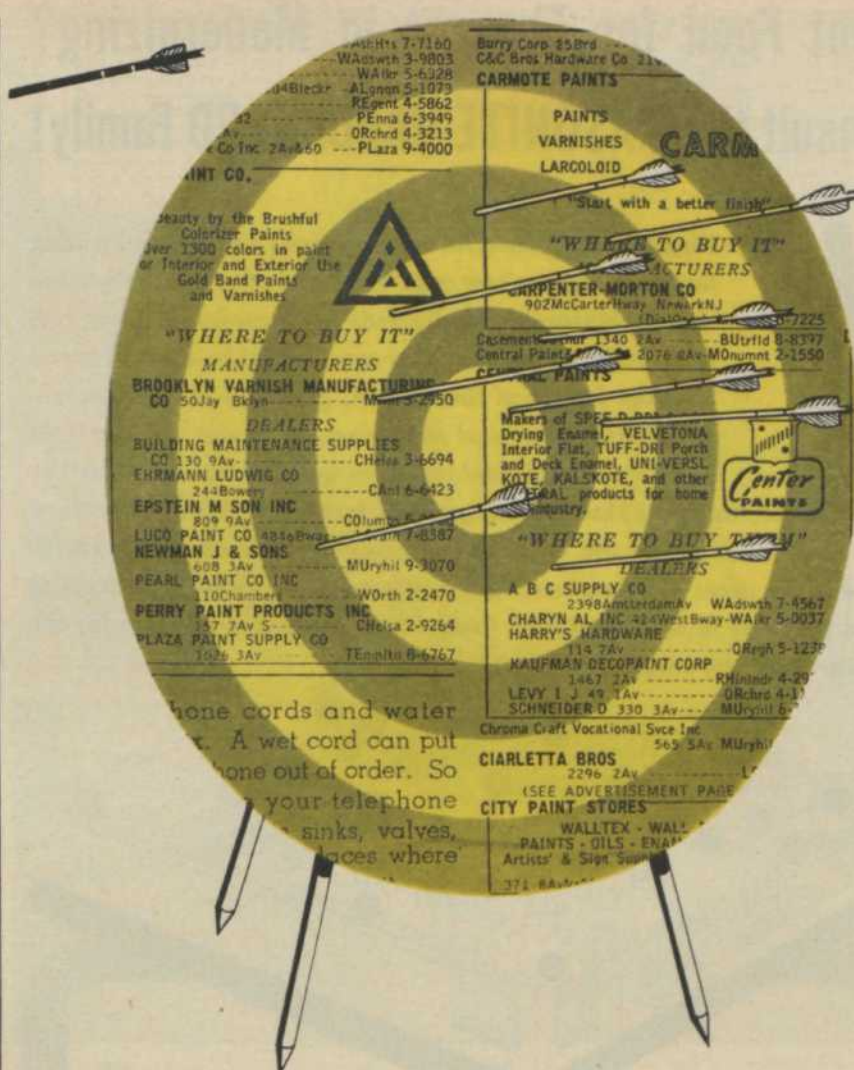
son fired them from his new National Cash Register Company. Finally he threw the whole theory of born salesmen out of the window. He took young men and taught them from scratch. He scrapped the old practice of learning to sell by apprenticeship and started a school. In it salesmanship became a profession like the law or engineering.

Patterson's first efforts to promote the cash register aroused almost universal antagonism. His advance circulars stressed short-changing and embezzlement by employees. When his salesmen arrived with their demonstrating machines, clerks and bartenders threw them out before they could get to the boss. Patterson then equipped his agents with small sections of machines which could be hidden in an umbrella. Clerks intercepted mail with the company imprint. Patterson used plain envelopes. After that all letters with a Dayton postmark were destroyed. Patterson then had the mailing done from remote centers. It was war to the finish but fighting was Patterson's favorite sport. Failure was always the sharpest spur.

It was Patterson's treatment of his salesmen that made men call him erratic. It was true that his actions were often dictated by mere whim. He pampered with one hand, fired ruthlessly with the other. He upped commissions beyond all precedent; out of his own pocket, he bought his agents expensive wardrobes, provided them with vacation trips. But he discharged anyone who showed hesitancy, complacency or ever made the statement, "It can't be done."

Patterson introduced the guarantee of exclusive sales territory. He started the now universal sales conference with a small group in a Dayton hotel. He made each man answer the question, "How do you sell cash registers?" One day while his best man was answering, he hid a stenographer in the room. The transcript became his school's first "primer." Every salesman was required to learn it by heart.

He began a new kind of "follow up" mail promotion. It was what generals call "tactical support" for his salesmen. As artillery or, nowadays, aircraft "cover" infantry operation so Patterson covered the salesman's attack. This too started with failure and ran him deep in debt. He made a list of some 5,000 "P.P.'s" (Probable Purchasers) from directories. Then he had



9 out of 10...

When shoppers are ready to buy, 9 out of 10 go direct to the 'yellow pages' of the telephone directory for where-to-buy-it information.

That's why it's sound strategy to support the sale of your products with Trade Mark Service... at the community level. Your trade-mark or brand name can be displayed over a list of your dealers in the 'yellow pages' in 32,000,000 directories all over the country...or in those covering specific local markets.

Trade Mark Service will help your dealers chalk up more sales...cut down on substitution. Use it to localize your national advertising.



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, CALL YOUR LOCAL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE OR SEE THE LATEST ISSUE OF STANDARD RATE AND DATA



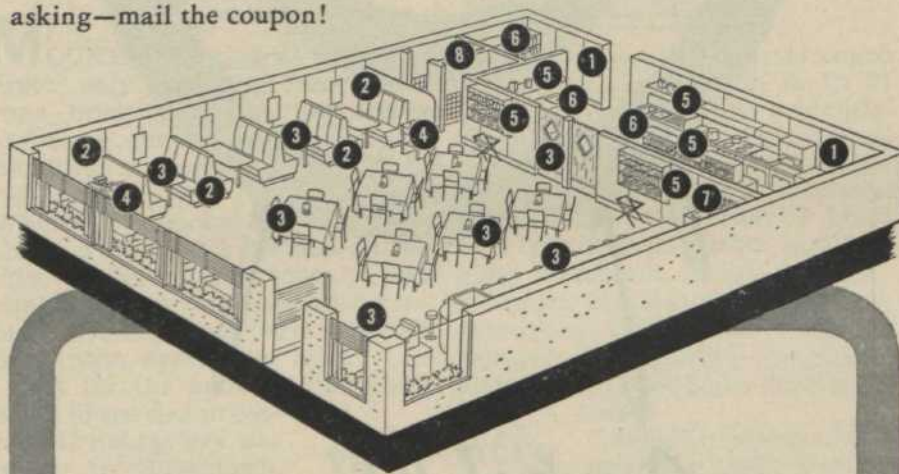


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Ideas by the platterful—new recipes for achieving long lasting beauty at low cost! That's what you get when you choose Masonite Hardboards for remodeling your restaurant, food store, or other commercial building. There's a whole family of these rigid, grainless wood panels—19 different types and thicknesses—to make old interiors new or to build new interiors quickly. Easily cut to any size or shape, Masonite Hardboards can even be bent to modern contours. The work is fast—and the results are lasting because Masonite Hardboards have great structural strength, resist moisture, denting or scuffing—and take any finish beautifully. Complete information is yours for the asking—mail the coupon!



- 1 Interior walls and ceilings—Panelwood®, Standard or Tempered Presdwood®.
- 2 Booths (walls and seat ends)—Leatherwood (its surface simulates Spanish-grain leather), Tempered or Standard Presdwood.
- 3 Counter and table tops—doors—Tempered or Black Tempered Presdwood, Leatherwood.
- 4 Dish table tops—Tempered or Black Tempered Presdwood.
- 5 Glass and plate storage racks—Ends and back, Standard Presdwood, Panelwood; Shelves, Tempered Presdwood.
- 6 Food storage cabinets—Tempered Presdwood.
- 7 Pie racks—Tempered or Standard Presdwood.
- 8 Washroom walls—Temprtile®, Tempered Presdwood.

*See your local Lumber Dealer*

### MASONITE CORPORATION

111 WEST WASHINGTON STREET • CHICAGO 2, ILLINOIS

Gentlemen: I want to know more about MASONITE HARDBOARDS. I am particularly interested in:

☐ Commercial building ☐ Factory ☐ Home

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

There are 19 types and thicknesses of Masonite Hardboards for 1000 uses. See Your Local Lumber Dealer!

NB-9

built a long table with its top divided into 18 compartments, each labeled with a future date. He had 18 empty envelopes addressed to each name and one envelope put in each compartment. When the date came around he filled the envelopes with circular letters and mailed them.

First results were nil except for one returned circular on which was scrawled "Let up! We never done you harm." But Patterson was goaded by the misfire, and he built up a mail promotion system which is universal today.

In his school, Patterson reversed all the methods of his own education. His technique was to draw pictures on a blackboard or give theatrical demonstrations with props and scenery. In model stores equipped with dummy merchandise he made students act out selling a cash register to a reluctant butcher or grocer. He made each student learn not only his own business but the intricacies of all retail business. Thus his school, eventually equipped with a special building and a summer camp, became a true business college.

Graduates of NCR's school and plant have become heads of their own companies. One of the loyal alumni is Thomas J. Watson of International Business Machines. Others are Alvan Macaulay of Packard, Henry Theobald of Toledo Scale, Wendell E. Whipp of Monarch Machine Tool, and the celebrated engineers, Edward A. Deeds and Charles F. Kettering.

Because of his eccentricities, a legend has grown up about John Henry Patterson. His biographers enjoy telling of how, because he liked riding, he mounted all his executives, of how he put them through calisthenic drills, of his "miracle" showmanship, of his magnificent way of borrowing when he was deepest in debt, of his firing a foreman because he was "satisfied" with his department. But they stress, too, his untiring work for the welfare of his people, his introduction of dining rooms, rest rooms, recreation places, medical and dental clinics.

The citizens of Dayton will not easily forget their gratitude for what Patterson did for their city and for his rescue work during the flood of 1913. After he died, in 1922, they erected an equestrian statue to his memory. Patterson himself, however, loathed the word "philanthropist." To those who praised his altruism he answered in two words: "It pays."



## The Turkey's in the Straw Again

(Continued from page 48)

ized into five huge associations. Since square dancing is in part a response to the gregarious urge in the human, the associations provide an outlet on the grand scale. Regional roundups bring together as many as 2,500 dancers under a single roof. Recently one association was forced to break its roundups into matinée and evening sessions so dancers wouldn't promenade over each other's feet. Dancers have moved into schools, community halls, tennis and badminton courts, gymnasiums and even an abandoned cafeteria at an aircraft factory.

Ironically enough, the craze has left the commercial dance studios on the outside looking in. As a spokesman for the Arthur Murray organization observed, with what seemed to be a slight note of wistfulness, "We accept it. We think it's wonderful. But we don't stress it. If someone wants us to teach him, we will. Actually, however, people don't have to pay for it—there's so much free instruction."

The commercial studios look, however, for some of the benefits of square dancing to trickle down to them. The Arthur Murray people explain it this way: "So many folk think they can't dance at all. But they take up square dancing and gain confidence, and then they come to us to learn ballroom dancing."

The Fred Astaire Dance Studios in New York also are not worried about the popular swing to square dancing, believing that the trend will last for many years. Studio people say that the ease of learning and the wholehearted enthusiasm shown by those who participate give the dance a lift and induce young and old to take part. Astaire, basically a rhythm man himself, has been described as happy over the return of square dancing to popular favor.

The hold which square dancing has on its fans was shown dramatically recently when a bill was introduced in the California legislature which would have required every caller to take out a license. Square dance clubs, schools and P.T.A.'s opposed the bill so vigorously that it died a quick death. "Don't tamper with this thing—it's too big—you can't fight democracy!" was the tenor of messages

The TWINDRIL—twin Gardner-Denver Rock Drills—mounted on a frame that hangs from the pipeliner's tractor—powered by a Gardner-Denver Portable Air Compressor towed along behind.



## Fast stepping "twins" keep pipeliners a step ahead ...as GARDNER-DENVER scores again

Stringing a pipe line over rocky terrain is no longer the slow, time-consuming job it used to be! Not since Gardner-Denver introduced the Pipeliners' Twindril! This pair of powerful rock drills gives pipe line contractors a packaged unit that drills twin blast holes every three to four minutes. It steps along at a lively pace—keeps a rocky trench well ahead of fast-moving pipe-laying crews.

It's a good example of the many ways standard Gardner-Denver equipment—rock drills, pumps, air compressors and other pneumatic equipment—can solve problem jobs in every industry. For further information, write Gardner-Denver Company, Quincy, Illinois.



SINCE 1859

# GARDNER-DENVER

THE QUALITY LEADER IN COMPRESSORS, PUMPS AND ROCK DRILLS



# HEAT YOUR PLANT *Efficiently*



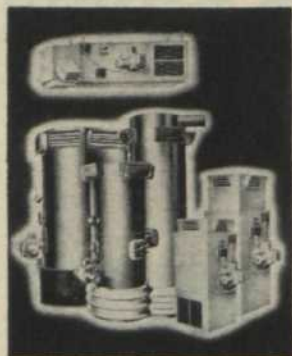
## ...and USE LESS *Steel*

Direct-Fired, Self-Contained Heaters like THERMOBLOC go high on the priority list when steel allocations are enforced; because, they require  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{3}$  the steel of conventional type heaters.

THERMOBLOCS provide the most economical method of heating your plant and, in addition to this drastic saving in steel, offer the simplest installation problem possible.

THERMOBLOCS are available in five sizes, 100,000, 200,000, 300,000, 550,000 and 1,000,000 btu's output per hr. Within this range is the heater to fit your requirement. Multiples or combinations of any of these sizes will amply heat any size plant, providing a flexibility to suit your particular problem.

Learn about THERMOBLOC, the most economical heater on the market today. Ask for the Executive Bulletin, giving a wealth of information on THERMOBLOC advantages to your plant.



THERMOBLOC DIVISION

## PRAT-DANIEL CORP.

Manufacturers of the well-known  
P-D Power Plant Equipment

76 Water St., East Port Chester, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Please send me your Executive Booklet

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Company \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

which poured in on astounded legislators.

That, in the last analysis, is the hallmark of square dancing—the pure democracy of it. With its mass intermingling of peoples—rich and poor and in-between, workers and bosses, leaders and followers—it has become a strong bond helping to weld together the infinite variety of America. As one caller put it, with a perhaps more enthusiastic than accurate choice of adverbs, "It's so horribly democratic!"

How "horribly democratic" is square dancing can be demonstrated by the story Osgood tells of the effect which it had on an entire community—one of the many Los Angeles suburbs. The little city was riven with caste lines, with the country club section aloof from the middle class and the middle class having nothing to do with the wrong-side-of-the-tracks.

Then the town caught the bug.

Four thousand people answered the siren call of "Gents to the center!" and "Swing, swing, everybody swing!" Square dancing cut squarely across the class lines and gave a new meaning to community life in the city. The local newspaper was moved to editorialize exultantly, "This is the most remarkable activity in the 61 year old life of the community. It is this know-your-neighbor relationship that cements a town and makes it a place where citizens will work together for the common good."

Small wonder, then, that a thoughtful square dancer was heard to remark during one of the association roundups:

"I know it's silly, but I have a feeling that if we had a law passed requiring all our congressmen and mayors and legislators to be square dancers before they could get elected, we'd have no trouble at all. They'd know what democracy is!"

## "Oil Wells" for Rent

**W**ANT to rent an "oil well" for ten days for \$10? You can, from the Oklahoma Oil Well Sample Library at Shawnee, Okla.—and, if you're smart in the oil business, or know a good geologist who is, that rent may make you plenty of money.

Actually, the library is an example of cooperation in one of the most competitive businesses in the world. It's a convenient and inexpensive method of trading information, often purchased at great expense, about rock formations that might contain oil.

An oil well in the library is simply a long cardboard box, filled with manila envelopes—with about a tablespoonful of rock cuttings in each envelope. The location of the well is known, of course, and each envelope is marked with the exact depth from which the rock came.

Arnold Davis, who also operates the Shawnee Sample Cut Company, dreamed up the library idea—storehouse of geological cuttings, open to the public. Now there are similar libraries at Ardmore, Okla., and in Illinois, covering those areas in much the same manner that Davis cares for most of the highest producing areas of Oklahoma.

Sample cuts are important to oil men. As wells go down, "sam-

ples" are taken, sent to men like Davis, who wash out the mud, dry the rocks, send them to geologists. The cuttings are examined under a microscope. Even though a test proves dry, has no oil, it may still be valuable in years to come to produce another well nearby because some geologist decided earlier examiners were mistaken—and the formation sought was not reached.

Oil companies in the past kept their own libraries. But oftentimes they'd get tired of storing them, and "throw a well away." Usually a geologist had to drive hundreds of miles to look at test samples. Oil companies always have allowed geologists to look—because another outfit might have a well they'd like to see some day.

Davis receives rock samples from about 125 drilling wells in Oklahoma. He has an investment of approximately \$100,000, mostly in storage boxes, envelopes, and equipment.

With new methods of drilling, with wells going deeper and deeper, with new science to tell where oil might be located, the Oklahoma Oil Well Sample Library rapidly is becoming a source of information for keeping the automobiles and much of the business of the country rolling—on petroleum.

—J. GILBERT HILL



# Arithmetic For Beginners

**A** SHEPHERD knelt on the Judean plain and cut scratches on a stone to count his flock.

In Madagascar a tribal chieftain readied his men for battle and tallied them by storing a pebble for each warrior filing by.

In England, centuries later, an Elizabethan accountant totaled up his money by cutting notches in sticks.

Such were man's mathematics a scant few hundred years ago.

Just how far and fast he had traveled in that vital science was suggested recently by a scene in New York's internationally known laboratory for the study of "gifted children"—Hunter College Elementary School.

A class of happily engrossed moppets added, subtracted, multiplied and divided five-digit figures on modern hand-operated calculating machines.

The prodigies (Hunter's staff will settle for almost any appellation except "genius") ranged in age from seven to 11, have been doing their arithmetic on machines for several months.

Neither the experiment's sponsor, the Monroe Calculating Machine Company, nor Hunter's boldly experimental principal, Dr. Florence N. Brumbaugh, expects calculating machines to take the place of paper and pencil arithmetic in America's schools. But they hope that the lure of the machine would make the least popular of the three R's more appealing to elementary school children.

This hope seemed well on the way to realization.

At the end of the experiment, two thirds of the teachers replied that pupils who had not been particularly interested in arithmetic had shown substantial improvement.

The same number said pupils who had liked arithmetic before showed even greater interest. They appended descriptions like "stimulating," "worth while," and "a pleasant experience and a splendid idea."

Pupils, whose exceptional IQ's range from 130 to 203, provided the clearest commentary: They cut classes in other subjects to sneak into other students' arithmetic periods.

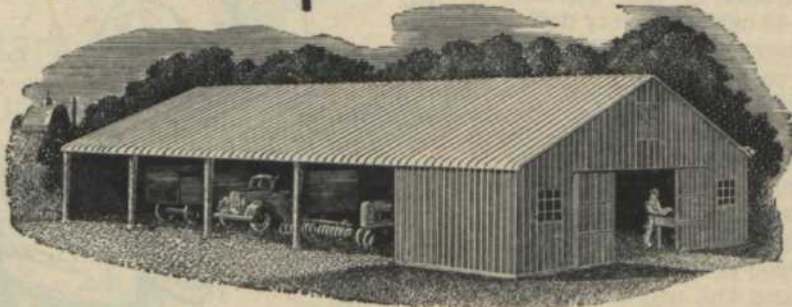
## - in Industry



## - in Commerce



## - in Farming



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See how quickly and economically you can put them to work for you. Mail coupon today for full information.

*Easily insulated at lowest cost.*

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## When It Pays to Play Pauper

(Continued from page 31)

Walla Walla without losing cash? Yes, replied *The Builder*, and he may obtain an "increase in the grant to take care of additional monthly payments on the new home."

An elderly woman is well enough now to leave a nursing home, but a married daughter is afraid the pension will be cut if she takes her in. Oh, no, replies *The Builder*, the state will pay the mother \$71.90 a month so she can reimburse the daughter.

Washingtonians who voted for the relief law were told Uncle Sam would pick up the check. He does to the extent of \$28,000,000 a year, but still welfare is costing the state more than education. The outgo is \$50,000 each hour of the working day—43 cents of every dollar of general revenue that the state can collect. Yet when Governor Langlie, who opposes the handout system, asked his Democratic house of representatives for a two per cent income tax to pay for the Democrats' party-endorsed program, its members and the union scorned the tax as too burdensome, yet assailed him for lacking money to meet the welfare budget.

To try to prevent the state from going bankrupt, Langlie sought out illegal chiselers. The union called this "a campaign of fear designed to keep people from applying for aid." When he announced he would have to pare payments lest depletion of the funds leave deserving recipients stranded, the union called him a "mad dog" who was "trying to steal from the tables, the wardrobes and the homes of the senior citizens, the blind, the crippled." Then it instructed these recipients to hand over \$5 each to fight the reductions.

Spending their relief funds for the purpose, hundreds of them moved on the state capital by bus and their own autos and crowded the governor's office to demand, not only that the doles be paid in full till the treasury was bare, but that the U. S. recognize the Chinese communists and Paul

Robeson. The union then began the circulation of a petition to recall the governor and is planning to legislate still higher relief rates.

Colorado gives whatever taxes and federal funds it can raise to every other elderly resident. Sometimes these payments have been more than \$80 a month; once there was even a \$220 bonus. The state welfare director says

there are no legal provisions whereby relief payments can be recovered from the estates of beneficiaries. This is true of Oklahoma, where six out of ten elderly persons are enrolled, of Georgia, Mississippi, Texas, Alabama, Arkansas, South Carolina, Florida, New Mexico, Missouri and Kentucky.

In every instance, tremendous increases in children's benefits have accompanied the growth of old-age relief rolls. A subsidy is being given in behalf of every thirteenth child in Oklahoma.

Nationally, three times as many families are receiving children's aid as at the height of the depression in 1937, and new applications are coming in at the rate of 40,000 a month, particularly on account of "desertions."

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. John O'Grady, secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, tells of a \$100 a week stereotyper living at home with his wife who collected \$140 a month from children's aid. No one checked on them for six months. In other families the husband disappeared with the wife's consent because it meant more money for the two of them if they lived apart.

"I have visited such families in a number of cities," Msgr. O'Grady adds. "The situation is most demoralizing to family life."

A committee from the Nebraska legislature learned that 60 per cent of the assisted families in Omaha have fathers hiding out.

Worse, the legislators learned that, instead of

spending the relief for their children, "many mothers squander the money, or give it to the father who is still in the vicinity." Such charges are widespread.

Philip H. Vogt, Omaha's welfare administrator, adds: "When tavern operators show you 15 to 18 children's checks; when bills for milk and coal go unpaid; and when a woman calls at 2:30 a.m. because a neighbor mother who got her check at 4 p.m. went out to a tavern and has not returned yet, you conclude there is justification for the criticism we receive. Our administrators, bogged down with machinery and mechanics, spend less than 20 per cent of their time in the field."

Excluding unemployment and



"If the communists don't like our government why are they all working for it?"

his clients often have enough left over to travel, especially in winter; a three-county checkup showed at least 2,000 gone an average three and a half months.

California promoters collected \$90,000 from elderly voters to enact \$75 pensions for relief beneficiaries who could control property actually worth millions. The rolls jumped a third, and though the law has since been amended to lessen the drain on other Californians, the recipients' roster continued to rise to 275,000 with the U. S. taxpayers' contributions soaring to \$92,000,000 a year.

All of these are outright pension states, but it is significant that in all states which have the largest old-age relief populations



old-age insurance, we are spending \$1,950,000,000 a year for state and federal relief—nearly two and a half times as much as in 1937. However, closer supervision of the spending is no complete answer to the problem of wholesale abuse either in the children's or the old-age relief programs. Already the intricacies of relief are overwhelming 50,000 social workers. The answer must lie in attacking the pension philosophy at the source.

In New Jersey, where only 66 of every 1,000 elderly persons are on relief, the property which a relief recipient may own is strictly limited. Children who are able to pay are held accountable for the support of needy parents. The state recovers some of its payments from the estates of deceased recipients. It is the same in Maryland where only 78 out of every 1,000 elderly persons are on relief and in New York where only 103 are.

When Indiana in 1941 repealed its right to recover from estates, the rolls jumped. Indiana Welfare Administrator Otto F. Walls points out that, when this law was reinstated three years ago, 6,000 old-age beneficiaries—ten per cent of all enrolled—found other means of support and quit.

"It is estimated that these recovery provisions will save \$9,000,000 of the taxpayers' money in two years," he says. "The greatest benefits are through the deterrent effect on applications for assistance by persons who can make other living arrangements and the resultant encouragement of prospective heirs to help support their aged parents."

SSA should profit by the success of these states in preserving relief funds for those in actual need.

Nevertheless, the cure as evolved now by SSA with the approval of President Truman is to put more people under old-age and survivors' insurance, yet nullify the effect of this by throwing additional money into the competing relief system without demanding a single device for tightening up on the chiselers. Legislation considered by the Eighty-first Congress is but another step toward fulfillment of various programs which by SSA's own calculations would eventually cost between \$29,000,000,000 and \$41,300,000,000 a year.

We must help our people who are in genuine need, and old age presents special problems because of increasing longevity. But if we are to care for those who are entitled to aid it cannot be achieved through national bankruptcy.

# Make your own tests!



Electric Adding-Subtracting Machine. Other electric and hand-operated models with varied totalling capacities. As little as 10% down . . . 18 months to pay.

Try this smart new Burroughs Adding Machine for speed  
...accuracy  
...ease of operation

Examine a Burroughs on appearance. You see functional styling, pleasing colors, non-glare keyboard. That's the way a modern business tool should look.

Test it for speed, construction, operating ease. Your fingers on the square keys tell you of a new, swift sureness of touch . . . of a solidity that spells long, useful life. That's the way a modern business tool should feel.

Look over this Burroughs for every feature you think today's adding machine should have. You'll see that Burroughs has it at its best . . . that on every point of comparison, you'll do better with a Burroughs.



Lifesaver for Salesmen

Mental figuring can be the death of even the best salesman. Burroughs easy accuracy is a lifesaver on sales arithmetic.

#### Company at Ease

Reports are always ready on time at this firm. A Burroughs on every desk takes care of that.



Homework is Less Work

Office work at home is eased with office efficiency at home. Save midnight oil with a low-cost Burroughs.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

## Burroughs



BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

☐ Please send me descriptive folder and prices on Burroughs adding machines.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I would like to see a demonstration at my place of business.

COMPANY \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

NB-39



## Pulitzer's Fistful of Facts

(Continued from page 36)

"first President of the United States under the Constitution." His 16 alleged predecessors were merely Presidents of the United States in General Congress Assembled—which meant a congress of sovereign states, not of a nation.

At one time it credited Frank E. Hering with the creation of Mother's Day. Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, who had spent a lifetime popularizing the holiday, visited the office with an armful of proof to the contrary, and claimed the founder's crown. The "Almanac" now reads: "Mother's Day. The second Sunday in May."

The serious mistakes in the book are those of omission, or so loyal readers lament. Space is limited, yet the world grows more complex; federal agencies multiply, new wars, the UN and the atom bomb clamor for space. Something has to be dropped or else condensed.

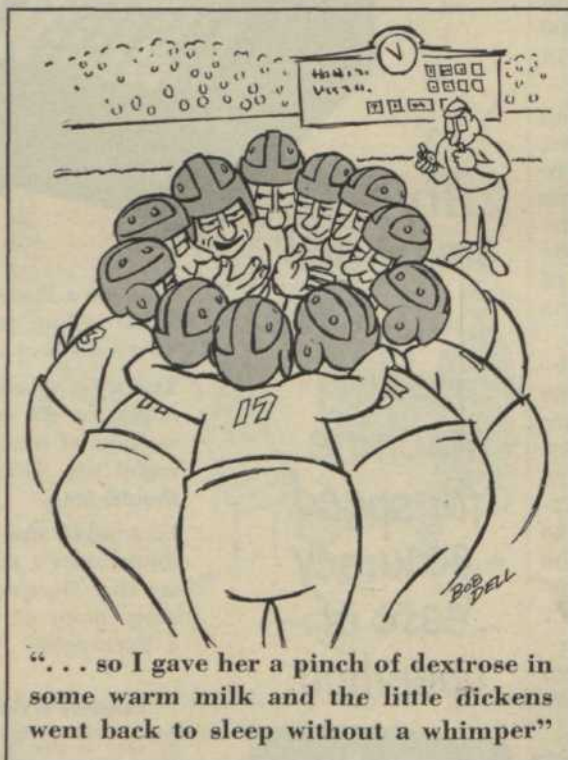
One year the table of wedding anniversaries was left out, a *faux pas* that won't be repeated for a long time.irate wives bombarded the "Almanac" with complaints. The list was hurried back into the book. In fact, recent issues contain not one, but two lists, for the Jewelry Industry Council in 1948 announced a new set of anniversary gifts. This substitutes clocks for paper (first year), electrical appliances for books (fourth year), diamond jewelry for tin (tenth year), platinum for china (twentieth year) and similar bits of bad news for loving husbands.

The attempts to cater to the public taste go a long way toward making the "World Almanac" the best-known yearbook of its kind. It is not, however, the oldest. Nor, to get downright technical, is it an almanac.

According to Webster, the word almanac comes from Arabic for "the climate." "The Old Farmer's Almanac," 158 years old, holds the American longevity record. It is also a true almanac. Tables on astronomy and weather predominate, with a leavening of jokes, poetry and home remedies for rheumatism and frost bite (obviously due to climate).

The first "World Almanac" made

its debut in 1868 and lasted eight years. The present version was started in 1884 by Joseph Pulitzer soon after he bought *The World*, a newspaper for which the book is named. Of the first issue's 160 pages, 12 were devoted to sports, 50 to election results. Priced at 25 cents, it was an instant success. By the turn of the century, the book had grown to 600 pages, including 86 of advertising and 26 of sports. The latter emphasized rowing, cricket, yachting and the turf. A half page each went to "pugilism" and to potato and sack racing. The record for 50 potatoes, by the way,



was 13 minutes, 15 seconds—a mark which apparently has never been broken, or even remembered.

Early "World Almanacs" carried the family trees of the Astors, Rockefellers and Vanderbilts, and a state by state listing of political platforms. In the main, however, our grandfathers were interested in much the same things that satisfy our own generation's curiosity. Today there are many new features: the stage, public trusts and foundations, prize awards of all kinds, collections in leading libraries. But population figures, election returns, the corn crop, immigration—these have been "basic" since the book's inception.

Such material may be basic, but it changes from year to year. As

soon as the "Almanac" goes on sale early in January, work must begin on the next edition. First on the agenda are the questionnaires. About 10,000 are sent to public and private organizations. The one sent to cities asks questions such as the city's nickname, area, salary of the mayor, prohibition laws and whether daylight saving time is observed. From officials of the 48 states come the composition, salaries, achievement of legislatures; the budget and debt; realty assessments and voting qualifications.

Also the state bird, tree, flower, and motto. Before you laugh, notice how often this supposed trivia is tied into advertising campaigns.

Much state by state data is furnished by federal bureaus: on farm acreage, employment and income; birth and death rates; mineral production; and rural road mileage.

About a third of the questionnaires are ignored by the recipients, so delinquents get a gentle prodding, first by mail, then by telegram. The returns are 100 per cent complete in September, and the staff can send the final tabulations to the proofreader. More than three fourths of the book is newly set up each year, with the staff writing most of its narrative contents. Embassies and foreign publicity services furnish articles and statistics on foreign countries. Federal and state bureaus send in reams of manuscripts.

Sources are given for important entries, in keeping with an early editor's belief that "a good education consists in knowing where to get facts when you want them." Some subjects, like astronomy, are prepared by experts in their fields. For many years that section has been compiled by a Washington, D. C., authority, Mrs. Hannah Hedricks. Ship captains have been known to set their courses by her dependable tables. And although you may never want to know the planetary configurations for July, it seems that a lot of people do. Some "system" players find them a help in picking the winners. And despite modern scientific methods, farmers still use the moon's phases in planting crops.

The "World Almanac" also gets urgent telephoned requests from courtrooms asking what time the sun set at Newport News, Va., on



Oct. 30, 1944. Or whether Nov. 11, 1914, fell on a Wednesday (don't bother checking, it did).

To find the last-named item, you look in the alphabetical index under Calendar. The index, a model of clarity, has 10,000 entries with many cross-references. Three decades ago the index was responsible for the greatest catastrophe in the book's history. Nearly 20,000 copies were run off the presses before someone discovered that the printers had neglected to put page numbers alongside the subjects. The result was like having a kitchen full of canned goods—without labels.

For years the index was hidden in the front of the book amidst advertisements. Came the wartime paper shortage and advertising was dropped, a move so welcomed by readers that it has not been solicited since. All revenue now comes from the sale of some 600,000 copies yearly. The "Almanac," incidentally, has always been in the black.

The retail price is \$1; \$1.75 for the hard-covered copy, plus 25 cents if you want your name in gold on the cover. Sales are at a peak during January and February, with a renewed spurt in the fall when schools open. By December few copies are available.

A century ago, scores of big city journals issued yearbooks. These disappeared with time, and today's few newspaper yearbooks—like those of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* and the Dallas *Morning News*—are primarily local in content and appeal. Hundreds of other current yearbooks deal with specialized subjects. But in 1947 there appeared a major competitor: "The Information Please Almanac," edited by John Kieran. The "World Almanac" staff cheerfully points out that its book outsells the newcomer.

Of more concern is the 1950 Census. The Bureau of the Census won't complete its tabulations for several years. Meanwhile, next year's edition must carry the 1940 Census figures, and find room for tentative 1950 population counts. The editor has one consolation. There has been no duplication of the 1940 phone call from a woman who wanted the new figures on the population of Brooklyn. Told they weren't ready, she replied "But they must be. It's already two days since the census-taker called."

Sometimes it's hard to believe that the staff is serious about its informal motto. "There's no such thing as a foolish question."

## Raging fire!

**vital records  
unharméd!**

● "Last October my cannery caught fire and burned completely down," writes one of our customers.

● "My office, which contained our Mosler Safe, was in the center of the building, subject to the hottest part of the fire . . .

● "After the safe had cooled, we dragged it over onto solid foundation, and I was surprised to see that it opened readily with its own combination . . .

● "All of the contents of the safe were in first class condition. You can imagine my relief, as these were all of our main records. All other records in various files were burned . . .



● "Without question, the construction of our Mosler Safe must have been perfect . . ."

Remember, in spite of fire insurance, 43 out of every 100 firms that lose their records by fire *never reopen for business*. Can you count on *your* safe to protect your irreplaceable records? A Mosler Record Safe will—at surprisingly low cost.

*\*Name and address on request*

Write today for valuable illustrated booklet "What You Should Know About Safes" and the name of your nearest Mosler dealer.



**The Mosler Safe Co.**  
320 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.  
Dealers throughout the country • Factories: Hamilton, Ohio  
Largest Builders of Safes and Vaults in the World

## Furnishes Results



**COVERAGE.** This advertiser has used outdoor advertising for 75 years to reach the right market. What they've done, you can do too—deliver a potent sales message to selected areas of a market, locally, regionally, or nationally via GOA. No other medium has

such complete coverage every day of the year. General Outdoor Advertising Co., 515 South Loomis Street, Chicago 7, Illinois.

★Covers 1400 leading cities and towns



1925 Silver Anniversary Year 1950



# GLOBE SPRINKLERS



## FIREMEN EVERY 10 FEET

### Does Insurance Compensate?

Insurance against **FIRE** pays only for loss of physical property...NOT for lost production, cancelled contracts, lost business or **HUMAN LIVES**.

GLOBE Automatic Sprinklers curb ALL losses due to **FIRE**.

GLOBE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER CO.  
NEW YORK . . . CHICAGO . . . PHILADELPHIA  
Offices in nearly all principal cities

**THEY PAY FOR THEMSELVES**

**New Advertising Machine**



**Prints & Illustrates 1¢ Post Cards**

**FREE** Learn how thousands of business men, in every line, are boosting sales in spite of conditions—with 1¢ messages—printed and illustrated in a few minutes on gov't post cards—with amazing new patented **CARDMASTER**. Your "today's" ideas, read by your prospects next morning. Not a toy, but a sturdy advertising machine, built to last for years. Low price, sold direct. Guaranteed for five years. Send name today.

**SEND NAME** We'll send **FREE** illustrated book of money-making **IDEAS** for your business and complete, unique advertising plans. **RUSH YOUR NAME TODAY.**

**CARDMASTER COMPANY**  
1920 SUNNYSIDE, Dept. 249, CHICAGO 40, ILL.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS . . .

SEND your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Tear address label off magazine and send it with your new address. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

**NATION'S BUSINESS**  
1615 H Street, N. W.  
Washington 6, D. C.

## The Bootstraps of Michigan

(Continued from page 39)

Markle figured—why not wooden bins from Michigan? He dispatched a man to Washington to urge this deal on Secretary Charles F. Brannan.

It was easy to prove that laminated wood—a peculiar product of Michigan's upper peninsula—is rat-resistant, weather-proof and almost as durable as steel. But the CCC specifications called for steel. Dozens of letters, scores of phone calls, the combined weight of Michigan's two senators and 17 representatives were flung by Markle against the barriers of red tape. The result was that the Ganzer Sawmill Company in the tiny town of Seney got an order for 75 bins and gave work to 200 persons.

Markle had taken his job with little more than the desire to do something about unemployment. But as specific cases built up, he evolved a system.

First, as he saw it, his task was the defeat of defeatism. In Michigan, the lessons of the industrial revolution were compounded by the rape of natural resources. Seven-acre sawdust piles, flooded copper mines and idle iron works marked the scene of the crime for everyone to see. There was ample excuse for people to resign themselves to political charity, and no good argument against it. But the working success of Operation Bootstrap seemed to carry its own philosophy.

Markle learned this at a committee meeting last September when the program was barely under way. The federal Government was giving contract preferences to towns which the state classified as "E" or distress areas. Plainly the easiest way for the committee to help a town was to hoist the "E" emblem, and there were some demands for this assistance.

But much more noteworthy was the rise of a resistance movement against the degrading "E" classification.

In Port Huron, with an 11 per cent unemployment figure, there was a definite uprising against the "E" rating. The Port Huron Times-Herald front-paged the story on August 31:

Merchants are protesting against the "propaganda about this being a distress area." . . . While not closing their eyes to the area's unemployment problem, they don't like the psychological

effect that the term "distress area" tends to produce.

It is easy to discount a protest from merchants whose goods are subject to psychological buying slumps. But another aspect of the resistance movement showed up during February. This time it was a local politico and manufacturer, Mayor Ray Brisson of Norway, who assumed open leadership. Brisson made a nervy town-meeting speech against increasing the flood allowance of relief clients:

Dickson County must not become so concerned with this direct relief problem that it forgets and forsakes the crux of the problem. It is lack of work, not lack of relief, which faces us. . . . Let each man determine where his talents lie. Maybe he can manufacture something special; maybe we can sell it outside the county. If we do, we can start a business which will employ men.

The grassroots spirit of independence fell perfectly into Markle's plans. The system he evolved was essentially that of the stick-and-carrot. Figuratively speaking, he walloped the donkey's rump while simultaneously dangling a visible reward before its nose.

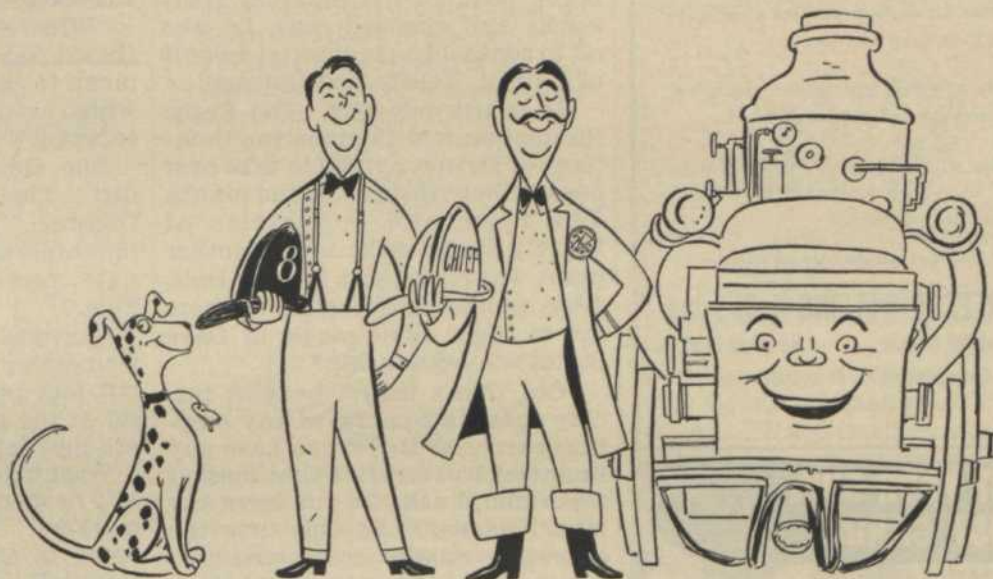
Fjetland's scathing summary of Cheboygan's deficiencies had an almost immediate result. A local unemployment committee was formed and raised \$35,000 to modernize run-down factories. Dangling the lure of unplucked opportunities, Markle's committee listed no less than 25 new industries which Cheboygan was equipped to handle.

At this, a group of business men, headed by a hotel owner, Ed Maloney, reorganized the State Bank of Cheboygan, one of those which had been stingingly characterized as a "cold storage vault." As executive vice president, Maloney promptly revolutionized the policy and began lending money for local enterprise. Between January and May, loans and discounts rose from \$239,000 to \$480,000. The new liberalism acted as a magnet on stashed-away money. Deposits over the same period went up from \$1,200,000 to \$2,400,000.

As the stimulation carried over to other banks, there burgeoned an astonishing building boom—two bowling alleys, a new movie theater and a saloon—all sure tokens of excited prosperity. Meanwhile the surge of civic pride re-



# How's your F.D.?



Billings, Mont., pop. 31,700, in six years prior to 1944 had fire losses of \$1 million—on \$30 million assessed valuations. The Fire Department was undermanned, equipment old, water supply inadequate. An official of the National Board of Fire Underwriters told Billings businessmen that fire defenses had to improve, or the city's insurance rates would jump 15-20%.

The Billings Commercial Club formed a fire prevention committee, sold people on a better Fire Department, made citizens water supply conscious. The town spent \$250,000 on new equipment, \$300,000 on improved water supply...

In the six years since 1944, fire losses

have been cut 25% on a doubled property valuation. The city's rating jumped three notches, unprecedented in insurance history.

Last June Billings rates dropped, with savings exceeding \$135,000 a year!

And the \$550,000 spent on better fire service will be recouped in less than five years through lower insurance premiums!

A good fire department is a good investment for any city. You can upgrade your local insurance rating... as civic conscious businessmen did in Knoxville, Tenn. and Kearney, Nebr., Miami and Montclair, Benton Harbor and Bethlehem, Alton and Akron. Alan Hynd tells how...

**"You Can't Afford a Bad Fire Department"**  
**...NATION'S BUSINESS, next month**





## WANTED TO BUY

### A MANUFACTURING BUSINESS

Based on a distinctive mechanical or electro-mechanical specialty such as

a component or accessory of production machines or of durable consumer products;

a small automatic industrial device.

Volume potential not less than \$500,000 a year. Patent protection desirable.

Our client, an internationally known eastern manufacturer, seeks employment for capital in lines close to its experience. Plans to consolidate in present facilities or operate a separate manufacturing division.

Plans to retain competent executive, engineering and sales personnel.

Please write Department C enclosing this ad. Your reply will be held in confidence, if desired.

*We are compensated by our client.*

**CHARLES H. WELLING & Co., Inc.**

52 Vanderbilt Avenue New York 17, N. Y.

Consultants in diversification  
and new products.

## PRINT YOUR OWN POST CARDS

COMPLETE  
OUTFIT  
only  
**\$7.50**

Amazing results in sales, inquiries and contacts... saves time and money... very easy to use. GEM STENCIL DUPLICATOR is ideal for Advertising, Announcements, Notices, Labels, Forms, Price Lists—hundreds of uses for every type of business and organization. Comes complete with all supplies, instructions and 60-page Book of Ideas.

**FREE TRIAL OFFER:** Try it before you buy it! Write and a GEM OUTFIT will be sent you postpaid. After 10 days, send only \$7.50 or return the GEM, no questions asked. The GEM must sell itself; you be the judge.

**BOND EQUIPMENT CO. • Dept. 148**  
6633 Enright • St. Louis 5, Mo.

**SEND NO MONEY • FREE TRIAL OFFER**

## Over Half of All Top Firms Use *Speed Sweep*

**Sweeps  
Cleaner,  
Faster**

**Outlasts Ordinary  
Brushes 3 to 1**

Write for styles, sizes, prices



**Milwaukee Dustless Brush Co.**

530 N. 22nd St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.



THE BRUSH WITH  
THE STEEL BACK

sulted in a general clean-up and paint-up of the town, so lately a state byword for total defeatism.

"It was a spiritual reaction," says Markle, a devout and active Congregationalist. "All we ever did was to show them what could be done. That's all a lot of communities need."

But the end was not yet. The local committee dipped into its improvement fund to hire an industrial representative at \$100 a week. He was Dave Seeley, a 55 year old real estate broker who had moved from Missouri to Cheboygan in 1930 in the belief that the St. Lawrence waterway would turn the town into a mid-continent seaport. Clad in his habitual sport slacks and checked coat, he was off to contact the industrial moguls of Detroit, Toledo and Chicago.

He struck pay dirt. The Franz Production and Engineering Company of Detroit agreed to take over one of Cheboygan's vacated plants. The Plymouth Industries of Detroit would move in if another plant was remodeled for use. Both deals were consummated. Others are to come. The magic of Dave Seeley's salesmanship?

"Oh, that's easy," he told me. "My opening remark to any business executive is, 'Do you have any financial troubles?' If that doesn't fetch him, I ask, 'Do you have any labor troubles?' By this time the executive usually drops whatever he's doing to listen to me. I show him how he can save money in Cheboygan where we have plenty of space, water, electricity and low taxes."

Even with less breezy salesmen, Michigan towns have prospered under the Markle plan. Three Rivers raised \$15,000 and brought a branch plant of Frank G. Pauli & Sons, the store equipment firm, from Detroit. By far the biggest haul occurred in Albion, a mere 8,500 population, where representatives of the Consumers Power Company, Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line Company and town administration helped land the Corning Glass Company's \$5,000,000 television bulb factory with its 600 jobs.

But not every town lends itself to importing industries. Michigan's upper peninsula, a region of second-growth forests and deserted iron-copper mines, takes a different version of the stick-and-carrot treatment. Al Gazvoda, known in Markle's office as "Mr. Upper Peninsula," is the trouble-shooter here. A native of the copper country, Gazvoda says:

"These people are exporters by

nature. They have inventiveness and manual skill, but no idea of how to commercialize their talents. Our policy up here is to find new markets for existing industries."

Last December, with Markle in attendance, Gazvoda called a do-something-about-it meeting at Hancock. Twenty-five small manufacturers of wood and metal objects organized the Peninsula Industries, Inc., a nonprofit group from four counties to survey the opportunities. After a couple of false starts in the gift shop and furniture fields, the group made Gazvoda its unpaid solicitor. His experience in the great urban centers differed from Seeley's. As Gazvoda tells its:

"When I'd get into a front office, they'd say to me—'What? You mean to say there's a state agency which actually wants to put people to work?'"

But Gazvoda, too, struck pay dirt. The Tixit Laboratories of Chassel, population 500, was manufacturing a copper-naphthate foot lotion called "Sweet Foot."

Gazvoda located an out-of-state wholesaler who ordered enough to put four persons to work at Chassel. If the product goes over, there are jobs for 20 workers. He found a Washington cemetery promoter who needed a line of copper grave-markers. Gazvoda steered the order to the Copper Craft Shop, Hancock, where it was worth four jobs.

Then he struck a relative bonanza in Milwaukee where an equipment firm showed interest in a loading machine built by Ray Brisson, the free-enterprise mayor of Norway. If the order stands up, there are 40 new jobs in Norway.

Starting as a sneak attack, Operation Bootstrap is not a wide-open assault. Re-employment of jobless workers is running 20 per cent above the average of 1949. Most of the effort remains on the local level where the vital statistics look small. But the logistics occasionally take on respectable size and national scope.

Last autumn during John L. Lewis' three-day week, the Calumet and Hecla Consolidated Copper Company stood to lose a large contract unless it could get 20,000 tons of coal in a hurry. Markle's committee delivered the coal. Later a Greenville banker phoned in that for 800 tons of 20 gauge steel, he could place a four-month contract with work for 300 men. Markle's committee got him the steel.

"I don't say we can do that every



time," says Governor Williams. "All it proves is that many different levels of industry are turning to this committee—and usually we can do something to help 'em help themselves."

Operation Bootstrap hasn't gone unnoticed in Washington. Secretary of Labor Maurice J. Tobin calls it a "pilot project," and urges other states to take heed and do likewise.

"That's the only thing I'm afraid of—too much publicity," says Markle.

"It's a mistake to oversell what we are trying to do. Someone might get the idea that it's easy."

He means that the only real cure for unemployment is hard work.

## Poster Payoff

WHAT to do about old political placards littering up the community?

Many's the town that has wrestled with this problem. Phoenix, Ariz., solved it not long ago, with the help of a boys' and girls' club organized by two business firms. The club is known as the First Federal Rangers-Fox Leaders and is sponsored by a savings and loan association and a local theater.

On the day after a recent municipal election, members of the winning ticket invited the Rangers-Leaders to bring in all the political posters they could find and collect a dime each for them. The drive lasted two weeks, exceeded all expectations and literally broke the bank. So many posters were brought in to the collection depot that the politicians ran out of dimes and had to send for more.

A special prize, consisting of a free airplane ride, was awarded to the children bringing in the most posters and the oldest posters. Two boys teamed up to cop the first prize with 682. Five lads tied for the other one, bringing in posters that dated back to campaigns ten years ago.

Total take was 4,000 posters, leaving the politicians \$400 poorer, the Rangers-Leaders \$400 richer and one father complaining grumpily, "My kid had me climbing palm trees to get those darned posters."

Said a sponsor of the clean-up, when it was all over, "I'll tell you one thing—you'll have to look hard to find a political poster in this town now." — JOSEPH STOCKER

## Odd and useful facts for NATION'S BUSINESS readers from "The Nation's Business Paper"

"NATION'S BUSINESS" is a popular and meaningful phrase. As makers of HOWARD BOND we started calling it "The Nation's Business Paper" in 1923. On the other hand, this magazine came first—having used the name "Nation's Business" since 1912. Both the bond and the magazine have prospered nicely in their respective fields.



The first Workmen's Compensation agreement was made in 1695 between Captain William Kidd, the pirate, and his crew. One-fourth of the booty captured was to be distributed among the crew, and "If any man should Loose a Leg or Arm in ye said service, he should have 600 pieces of Eight, or 6 able slaves."



HOWARD BOND is made in four weights, fourteen colors (including white and ivory), and six finishes (including wove). That means 336 different kinds of HOWARD BOND from which to choose. Where finish is concerned, most people ask for wove which is flat and smooth, with

linen, ripple, and hand-made finishes next in popularity. "Wove," incidentally, is the past tense of the word weave. When people ask how we produce such a good bond we modestly reply, "We wove it."



The U. S. Patent Office was opened in 1802 "to have charge of the issuing of patents." In 1833 the Superintendent of the Office wanted to resign because "everything seems to have been done." 9,000 patents had been issued up to that time. By 1949, nearly 2,500,000 had been granted!



A Dayton manufacturer reports that he switched to HOWARD BOND on his last letterhead order. Compared with the lower quality paper formerly used this upped his cost a total of 50c on 5000 letterheads. He is surprised, but we are not. We've always known the cost of HOWARD BOND to be attractively moderate.

It has always been our observation that a great many executives who understand the importance of well-groomed salesmen prefer well-groomed letters on HOWARD BOND.

## Howard Bond

"The Nation's Business Paper"

For Letterheads • Business Forms • Business Printing  
In Whitest White and Twelve Clear, Clean Colors

HOWARD PAPER MILLS, INC. • HOWARD PAPER COMPANY DIVISION • URBANA, OHIO





Sunday is just another day when a shipment of live fish or fowl comes through

# *AN OSTRICH IS ONLY A PACKAGE*

By FRANK J. TAYLOR and EARL M. WELTY



**W**ELL, in his 47 years of rassing railway express, Joe Curry has handled some strange and wonderful consignments, but the toughest he can recall was the crated live ostrich that came in one Saturday night when he was agent down at Nogales, Ariz., just before being transferred to California to take over as agent at Riverside 14 years ago.

Ordinarily, an express load of ostrich is just as easy to handle as an elephant or a truck load of baby chicks or anything that is loose at both ends. It's all in a day's work. But this ostrich had to be kept at the depot over the week end for Monday morning delivery south of the border. Joe thought he had his bird in the crate until he and Mrs. Curry came out of the house Sunday morning headed for church. A Mexican boy ran up yelling, "The big bird, he run away."

Sure enough, Mr. Ostrich had kicked loose enough slats to get out of the crate and had taken over downtown Nogales. Without getting kicked, Joe and some friends herded the ostrich back to the station where Joe, who is an agile 117 pounder, tossed a tarpaulin over the big bird and pushed the cargo back into the crate, tarpaulin and all, securing it with ropes.

In the express game, which has been Joseph R. Curry's life since he was a 19 year old kid in Texas, you have to be ready for anything. That's what makes an expressman. "Once you've touched an express shipment, you're in it for

life," explains Joe, who is almost as much an institution in Riverside as the famous Mission Inn. There are mighty few Riversiders who haven't received a package from Joe Curry, or brought him one to ship, or who haven't connected with him on some Rotary Club committee, or at the Chamber of Commerce or the Masonic installations or at church doings. Joe is an Episcopalian but his wife, Maurine, is a Baptist, so they attend and support both churches.

But mainly Joe is a Riverside fixture because of his duties as agent of the Railway Express Agency, which maintains a staff of five in the sedate but thriving little city, a southern California citrus center with some small industries and several Army and Air Force bases nearby. Curry encounters a lot of problems as well as as much fun as Railway Express chief in Riverside. His troubles are pretty typical of those of any free enterprise business large or small trying to make a go of it in competition with tax-free and tax-bolstered, government owned competitors.

Meaning, of course, the U. S. Post Office. Joe doesn't blame "the P.O. boys," who are his friends, for cutting his business in half in the past four years with their stepped-up parcel post service. In

January, 1946, he was handling an average of 121 outgoing packages a day; now the average is 64, putting him back to the prewar level. Since 1938, Riverside's population has increased 50 per cent, its postal receipts have doubled, as have utility incomes, building permits and business in general. What burns up Joe are the rules stemming from the union regulations and "from New York," meaning management headquarters for the 18,000 Railway Express Agency offices, that prevent him from meeting and beating the P.O. boys at his and their own game.

Take every Friday afternoon, for instance, when Joe has "a most disagreeable job to do." He has to lock the agency door and hang up a sign telling customers that the office is closed all day Saturday. These are orders from management since last September, 1949. The management now has a 40 hour week contract for the 50,000 Railway Express Agency employes, who belong to the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. If the Riverside office stayed open Saturday, everybody but Joe Curry would have to be paid punitive time.

Since Joe is a salary man and in an excepted position as boss of the Riverside office, he is outside

## Regulation and competition retard but do not stop the express agent

Curry and his staff wage a running battle to beat the competition. Service is the keynote.

HARVEY OSTER





the union contract. So Joe comes down to feed the baby chicks, or any dogs or other livestock that came in too late for delivery Friday, or to water any plants that must be held over for "the bug man," who is County Agricultural Inspector James E. Davis, to check for pests before they may be delivered.

But Joe can't unlock the door, and he has to hide behind express packages when Saturday customers come and rattle the knob, then stomp hopping mad down the street to the parcel post window of the local post office.

"We've lost some more business and maybe a customer," he says, with a wry smile. "But what in heck would those P.O. boys do with a crate of turkey eggs, or a horse or some of the other consignments we handle on the other five days?"

Joe figures he could hold a lot of this business and get some more to boot, if the wraps that hold him back were taken off. He does a lot, off the record. Nearly every week end, for example, he drives his own 1936 Ford sedan 22 miles over to San Bernardino, where the week end arriving consignments are held, to pick up perishables or something that somebody in Riverside needs in a hurry. Joe does that to keep customers happy. He gives a lot of special service that pays off in future business.

That case of turkey eggs brought in by a Riverside farmer

to be shipped to a hatchery in Iowa four years ago is an example. This was something new in express shipped through the Riverside office, so Joe did some inquiring. He learned that turkeys start laying eggs earlier in the Riverside area and that early eggs are in demand back east. By giving special attention to egg shipments, Joe managed to run the turkey egg deal up to 7,297 cases last year, bringing in \$23,702.

Riverside needed that business to offset a loss that was beyond Curry's control. Last year, the strike of Railway Express employees in New York City abruptly cut off one of his reliable sources of income, ready-to-wear garments from Gotham manufacturers to Riverside merchants. April used to be a bumper month on account of this business. In April, 1948, the Riverside office handled 5,615 shipments and collected \$12,451; in 1949, as an aftermath of the strike, business dropped to 4,203 packages bringing in \$8,879.

"When you once lose business, it's harder to get it back than it was to develop it in the first place," says Curry.

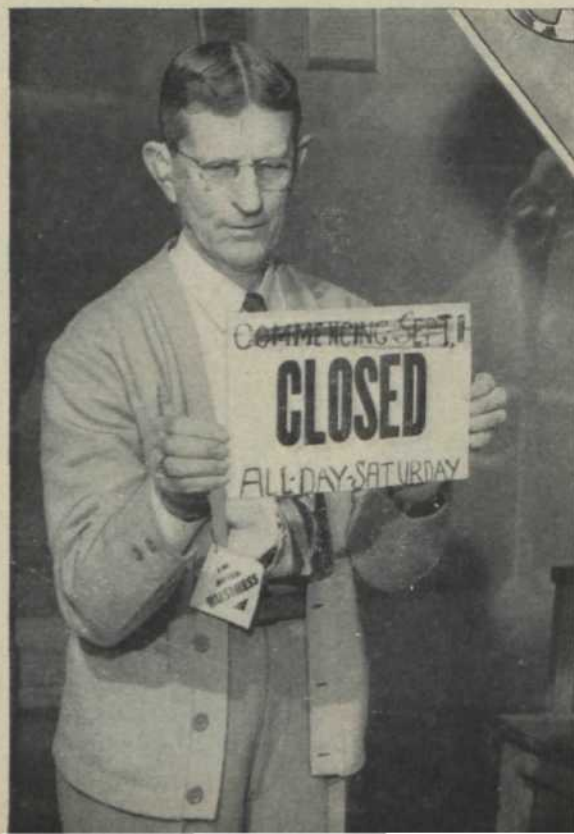
"The strike was the reason we lost it. There are other reasons why we don't get it back. Our rates have gone up three times since 1945, while the parcel post rates have remained the same. We have more to offer in the way of service, but maybe we are pricing business right out the front door."

Curry has been in the express game so long and has seen so many upheavals that he is philosophical about new changes, though still full of fight. Joe first "got his hand on a package" about 1900 while "fooling around the Texas Central depot" in Morgan, Texas. Joe is a sort of maverick Texan, having been born in Philadelphia. His family moved to Texas in 1889. While a student at Waco High, Joe was a \$15 a month Western Union messenger. He helped the station agent move mail, express and baggage between the Gulf, Colorado & Central and Texas Central. This experience won him a full-time job with the old Pacific Express Company, which was frightened out of business in 1913 when the P.O. boys inaugurated parcel post.

Joe's \$30 a month salary as clerk-driver at Weatherford was paid jointly by the Pacific and Wells Fargo Express. The latter moved Joe up the ladder to Fort Worth, Stamford, Cisco, Calvert (where he became a full-fledged agent at \$65 a month), Orange, El Paso, Bisbee, Douglas, Nogales—a typical tour of duty for a veteran railway expressman.

Joe recalls the days at Calvert, Texas, with relish. He played the trombone in the town band, scraped a fiddle sometimes, lived at Mrs. Bolin's boardinghouse, and was a popular young man around town. Miss Maurine Faucett from Tennessee and her recently widowed mother had come

**Saturday closings cost Joe business**



**The county inspector is death on plant bugs**

HARVEY OSTER





to live at Mrs. Bolin's, too. Joe couldn't help thinking about Maurine, even while he was handling risky cargo, heavy circular saws for mills near the town.

"One day I got to daydreaming about Maurine and let a saw slip and slashed my legs," Joe recalls. "So I told her it was time we got married, because it was too dangerous having her take my mind off my work that way."

Maurine thought so, too, and they were married March 7, 1914. Mrs. Curry, like a good expressman's wife, has fitted into the community life wherever Joe was promoted as Wells Fargo was merged into the big Railway Express Agency, a regulated common carrier owned since 1929 by 70 railroads but serving all railroads and air lines. The Currys have two daughters, one still in Texas, the other in Fairfax, Calif.

No sooner had he taken charge in Riverside in 1936 than Joe began being neighborly. He had joined the Masonic Lodge while in Nogales, and continued working up through the York Rite branch. Joe also joined the Chamber of Commerce and Rotary, and is known as the fellow who is always willing to take on a chore.

How he finds time for these extra curricular activities is a mystery. Though the Riverside office employs a cashier, depot agent, and two clerk-drivers, Agent Curry is the fellow who gets up at 6:00, opens shop at 7:30, an hour before anyone else shows up, checks the livestock and perishables in the back room, gets the records out of the safe, phones consignees, and writes notification post cards. When he opens the door at 8:30, there is usually a customer waiting. Belying his 67 years, Joe is spry as a cricket as he hops from desk to counter to cashier's cage or hotfoots it around town, greeting every other person he meets by first name. Though he locks the front door at 5:30, Joe is lucky to get home an hour later.

Home is a five-room stucco house, surrounded by shrubs and flowers, that the Currys bought early in 1945 for \$6,500. It is the first home they have owned, because a Railway Express agent is never settled. The move to Riverside was an exception, because this is where they want to live the rest of their lives. Joe is eligible for a pension any time, but he just can't imagine life without getting his hands on packages.

Curry has a new hobby, garden-

ing. His old one was fishing, but he got out of the habit during the war.

Curry does a lot of talking and thinking about the future of the express business. He thinks everybody in the agency ought to get out and fight for business the way they did in 1913, the year the post office started handling parcels, and the express companies thought the end of the world had come. Or, for that matter, the way Curry is fighting for business now.

In Riverside, the monthly take is about \$9,000. During the war, when four big Army and Air Force camps near Riverside were booming, the volume shot up to as much as \$146,900 a month. Joe had 14 employees on his staff, and four trucks.

Though Curry doesn't hope to see anything like that again, he does expect to give the P.O. boys and the truckers a run for their money. The commercial truckers have taken a big bite out of his potential. Joe's two pick-up-and-delivery trucks are limited to routes established prior to Riverside's postwar building boom.

To meet this situation, Curry tried to get Railway Express to extend his routes last September, but this was turned down. He would also like some special promotion efforts.

Joe would like to talk about such items as citrus shipments, which in season make up one third of the outgoing consignments. There are 21 citrus packing plants in and around Riverside.

Joe would go after more of the unusual business, the kind that "makes the P.O. boys go nuts." What kind is that? Well, anything that has to be moved. Or almost anything. He can think of only one consignment he has been offered in 47 years that he would turn down. That was when he was agent at Bisbee, Ariz., in the days when Bisbee was a pretty rough frontier town.

One day the sheriff rounded up a bunch of characters who had been making life precarious for the Bisbeeans, and herded them down to the depot where he asked Curry for an express car in which to ship them to Columbus, N. M., C.O.D. While Curry wired to query the company, the sheriff commandeered a cattle car, loaded his cargo into it, and hitched it to a passing freight train.

"That was one piece of business I didn't mind losing," says Joe. "We could have handled it, only not C.O.D."

# TERRIFIC FOR TRAFFIC IN DEPARTMENT STORES! PABCO MASTIPAVE

AMERICA'S NO. 1 LOW-COST  
LONG-LIFE FLOOR COVERING

DANNENBERG'S  
Macon, Georgia

"We have approximately 30,000 square feet of Mastipave floor covering in our department store. We have been users of this flooring from 12 to 15 years and have found it to be the most satisfactory floor covering that we could use."



## ★ THE JONES STORE CO.

Kansas City, Missouri

"Our experience with Mastipave over many years has been very satisfactory from a standpoint of appearance, long wear under heavy traffic and merchandise trucks, and all the abuse that material of this nature comes under in a large department store. It is easy to keep clean, and it is economical generally."

★  
Neiman-Marcus  
Dallas, Texas

"We have had Grip-Tread Mastipave flooring in our basement for approximately five and one-half years. It has proved satisfactory in every way and we are sure that it will continue to prove serviceable."

★  
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## Sports Behind the Glass

(Continued from page 45)

TV fans on just when Reese would make the real move.

Visiting players were not overlooked. "Red" Schoendienst, St. Louis Cardinal second baseman, was labeled the "old housekeeper." For nine innings Schoendienst was seen picking up particles of stone and dirt in the vicinity of second base.

Dizzy Dean's Ozark idiom features multiple mispronunciations and compound fractures of the syntax by way of Yankee Stadium baseball games. But nature has equipped him with a mike voice that carries authority equal to Ol' Diz's youthful fast ball. Diz's homely word painting has brought him a wide TV following and his expert eye quickly can detect flaws in baseball performance. When Yankee left-hander Tommy Byrne was experiencing trouble locating the plate earlier this year, Diz observed, "You can see why the curve ball of Tommy's stays outside. It's because Tommy is starting his delivery from the left side of the pitching rubber."

Television has reappraised the sports commentator. Over radio it has been possible for some announcers to conceal an unenlightened or inexperienced eye by counterfeiting the action with a froth of verbiage, passing it off as the real thing. TV reporting demands competence and expert evaluation.

One eastern TV station discovered this after sending a greenpea crew to record a horse race. When the commentator announced the familiar, "They're off!"—the screen flashed the emptied stalls of the starting gate. Not only were they off—they'd gone! For a mile and a sixteenth viewers were treated to one of the wildest horse races ever presented outside of an old Mack Sennett movie script. First the camera was way out in the lead with only the front runners getting a call. Abruptly the cameras switched to the hind-quarters of the slower-gaited bangtails. In a moment the cameras made another frantic move, sweeping first forward, then backward. As the horses went under the wire, the viewers were treated to a clinical review of horse anatomy but had to read the next day's papers to learn the result.

Some months ago a young wel-

terweight boxer lost his life after a bout in the Garden. When the announcer called attention to an unexplainable change in the victim's defense, noting that it left him vulnerable to a right-hand punch to the head, it was a distinction that would have been lost on anyone but an experienced observer. The TV audience, expertly guided, saw the significance of the change as the grim denouement unfolded before their eyes.

When Curt Gowdy was calling the TV'd basketball games from the Garden last season, viewers found there was more to the game than merely dropping a ball through a hoop. A former player, Gowdy pointed out different shooting styles, offensive tactics and defensive counters, adding to the suspense and judgment of the viewers.

His reporting was sound enough to allow Ray Myers, De Paul University coach, to scout an opponent from his front room. Myers

"Freedom's greatest threat today is too much government."

—Bernard Baruch

faced a long trip from Chicago to New York if he were to scout St. John's University, then tops in the basketball world. He needed the time for his own team. When he found out that he could see St. John's play by way of television, he took a chance and remained in Chicago. Something new was added to scouting when De Paul later upset St. John's.

The mass action of the gridiron has about as much pattern to many football spectators as a subway rush. TV audiences who got their close-ups of Notre Dame last year were able to get as many football fine points as the average football scout recorded in his notebook. With the aid of lenses, "zoomers," and other technical camera improvements, announcer Mel Allen was able to show a Notre Dame quarterback as large as he would have appeared from a seat in the coach's lap.

Television in its present stage of development has sprouted more polls on what it will or will not do than any presidential race ever could hope to match. While

all the feudin' and fussin' continues, it might be well to glance at the growth of other forms of communication. The telephone spanned the nation in 1915. Radio networks did the same thing in 1924. The coaxial cable is expected to reach as far west as Omaha this fall and probably will take until 1952 to link the East and the West.

Resistance to either the telephone or the radio is definitely out of date and it seems hard to believe that hue and cry like that over television once boiled around these earlier forms of communication. The impact of television since the war has been tremendous despite an FCC freeze which has limited commercial television stations to 110.

During its brief expansion, an estimated 6,000,000 sets were installed by the summer of 1950, with manufacturers promising more on the way.

Some idea of where this development can go is brought home by comparing it with the present spread of radio. At present, 3,037 AM and FM commercial stations are operating, with outlets to as many as 80,000,000 radio sets. In the face of this potential, one would imagine that the controversy over TV's effect on sports would simmer down. No one bothers to argue any longer on what radio did for sports.

Jerry N. Jordan disclosed last May the first real effort to remove guesswork from TV's effect on sports attendance. His survey covered a two-year period in which 16 major and 444 minor league ball clubs, 193 colleges, 32 high schools and more than 100 race tracks, arenas and other sports enterprises were studied. The information covers all the 51 areas where TV operated last fall. The sampling was done in 572 cities and towns and included 1,203 personal interviews, 918 mailed questionnaires and 13,908 telephone interviews.

In general, his findings are that television definitely helps a sports entrepreneur to wangle more than his share of the public's entertainment dollar. His studies show that people who own TV sets attend more sports events than people without sets.

Jordan concludes that football and baseball are hurt briefly by the novelty of TV but that as the novelty wears off the results are favorable to attendance.

This ought to be proof enough to forecast what television can



accomplish for sports; pretty much the same thing done by radio. Without radio it is doubtful that some major league ball clubs would have reached 2,000,000 yearly attendance, nor would top football game tickets be in such demand.

When the Yankees sold their Newark franchise last year and the International League transferred the club to Springfield, Mass., this development was looked on as the classic example of television's baleful effect on minor league baseball. The truth is that the Yankees had so long used their Newark franchise as a transfer point for players either en route to or from the Yankee Stadium that the Newark folks lost interest.

Jordan's dope sheet waves aside the suggestion that television will become a form of creeping paralysis to minor league clubs. Last year, with a 45 per cent increase in television sets, the minor league clubs set an all-time high for attendance, with a record of nearly 42,000,000 admissions. Only three per cent of minor league teams were within TV range of major league cities, and by baseball "law," every care was exercised to avoid conflict with the local baseball attraction.

Something for the TV diehards to consider is the Jordan statement that, although national income has increased since 1929 by a 250 per cent margin, the amount of money spent on admissions to all types of entertainment has increased but 200 per cent. Sports, however, have grabbed off an increase of 440 per cent as their share of that entertainment dollar. Jordan concludes this is the result of continued good management.

New ideas, like new shoes, always have managed to produce painful yelps as they become adjusted. Because of TV the day may come when ball players will be required to hold some kind of Equity card. It's not too far-fetched when you consider the recent experience of Yankee shortstop Phil Rizutto. Phil is small, with a boyish face, nothing to conform to the tough-guy some people consider typical of baseball players.

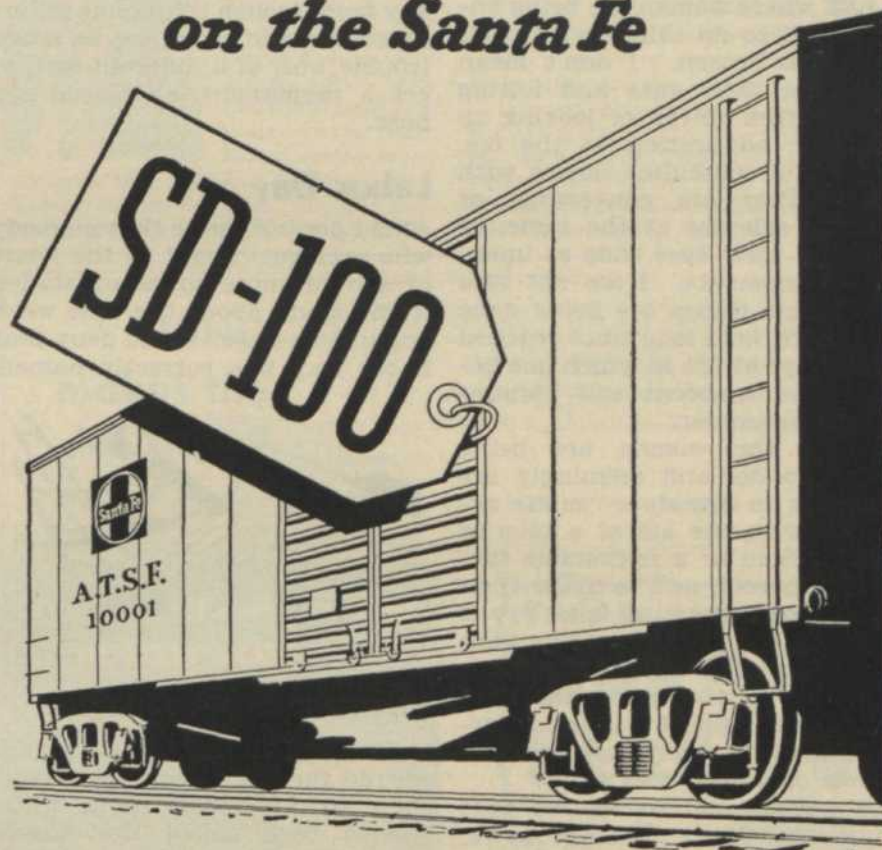
During a television studio visit an uninformed character upstaged Phil with, "And what do you do, young man?"

"Oh, I'm on television, too," replied Phil with a straight face. "I do a juggling act every afternoon with eight other fellows."

# "Red Ball"

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## Santa Fe—all the way





# By My Way

By R. L. DUFFUS



## The same old game

I SEE where women are being encouraged to do things with their eyes this season. I don't mean dropping their gaze and letting their lashes quiver, or looking up in mute admiration at the big, wonderful masculine object with whom they are conversing, or looking sidewise at the same, or opening their eyes wide at unexpected moments. I am not sure that these things are being done any more, for I long since reached that stage of life in which one becomes an innocent and philosophical bystander.

What the women are being asked to do, and seemingly are doing, is to introduce "subtle accents" with the aid of a blue or black pencil or a reasonable facsimile thereof, and to make their eyes "look large." A large eye is apparently more devastating than a small one. But what struck me most in one ingenious make-up merchant's appeal was the assertion that his product would not "come off in water or tears."

A woman can fix up her eyes until she looks like Cleopatra, only, of course, more respectable; then she can have a good cry, slip on a dress, a hat and a pair of gloves and go out and be the life of the party. Some of this is modern and some of it is as old as the hills. The basic pastime of being feminine and appealing and getting married and having the wedding announced in the newspapers goes on the same as ever. I am glad it does. It makes life more interesting, even for those of us who merely put on our fish-and-soup outfits under pressure from our adored wives and watch the grand old game from the side lines.

## Summer tan & red noses

MY OLD friend Abner Teal of Widgeon Center, Vt., writes that he sees no sense in the way city people go to all the trouble they do to get a summer tan that won't

last them through the middle of October but that they may not be any more foolish than some others he knows who go to just as much trouble, only of a different sort, to get a permanent, all-season red nose.

## Labor Day

AND I don't suppose that anybody who ever got caught in the heart of ten or more miles of stalled traffic along about the first week end in September would deny that Labor Day was correctly named.



## Adventure by proxy

I HAVE just made a voyage around the Horn, from San Francisco to Liverpool, in a four-masted bark called the *Royalshire*. The royal yards, to which my duties often called me, were 150 feet above the deck, but this didn't bother me in the least. When the mate had a difficult job to assign, like clinching a leech-line, he almost always called for me. Off the Horn we were time and again boarded by mountainous waves and swept against the rail, but I wasn't scared—not I. The food was terrible but if it hadn't been I wouldn't have believed I was really at sea in an old-fashioned sailing ship.

The only discordant note was that the captain wasn't a bully. In fact, he was a rather kindly man. I put up with that—I had to—though I had always hoped that some day I could test my endurance by shipping with a really mean captain, like Thompson of the brig *Pilgrim*. (See Dana's "Two Years before the Mast.") Why I should take such risks and

endure such hardships I don't know. Something in the blood, I suppose—the old Norse spirit of adventure. Anyhow, I can recommend, for those who love the sea, A. Basil Lubbock's "Round the Horn before the Mast," first published in 1902, republished as late as 1928. It's good bedtime reading.

## Birthday reflections

I HAD a birthday not long ago. The age I then reached would have seemed to me, when I was a boy, as calling for long, white whiskers and a cane. I have no long, white whiskers—in fact, no whiskers at all. If I carry a cane I swing it and knock the heads off daisies and things like that. I don't feel as old as the calendar says I am. That is, I feel about 90 the first thing in the morning, 60 after breakfast and not a day over 30 as I walk my two miles to the station on a fine, clear, cool day. But I notice that I can remember many things that for today's youngsters are something they read in a book. And maybe there's an advantage in that.

## What causes crowds?

A MAN near me in a holiday crowd waiting to get on a train in the Big City's biggest railroad station looked around him disgustingly. "Everybody," he grumbled to his companion, "is always traveling." I refrained from pointing out to him that if he and a few hundred thousand others had stayed home there wouldn't have been any crowd. But you can't talk sense to some people. We all take it for granted that it is others who cause crowds, not ourselves. I do, myself.

## And absent-minded, too

THE Air Force says it has a new electronic computer that will multiply or divide eleven-digit numbers in one four-thousandth of a second. This is about as close to no time at all as a person could get. Yes, and this machine probably has to tie a string around one of its levers to remember to get a loaf of bread on the way home from the office.

## Is "Ivanhoe" dull?

I THINK it is wonderful that what bores some people doesn't bore everybody. For example, I find at least two of my favorite books among a list of ten which readers of "The Pleasures of Publishing," a Columbia University Press leaf-



let, voted the dullest classics. The two are "Ivanhoe" and "Don Quixote." I might also put in most of Boswell's "Johnson" and Melville's "Moby Dick." But perhaps there is something wrong with me. I always suspect as much when I find myself in a lonesome minority.

## Uninvited guest

A SPARROW joined us at lunch recently on the terrace of one of those pleasant country restaurants where city folks like to go. I think he was a tree sparrow, because there were a number of trees nearby. He would fly down and pick up crumbs and fly back again, cocking a humorous eye in our direction. On the basis of what we paid for the lunch, I would say that this sparrow ate about one and a half cents' worth of crumbs, but he never offered to pick up the check—not he. Furthermore, he must have known that it was his business to eat the seeds of harmful plants and thus help the farmers.

I love birds. I love even English sparrows and starlings. But it seems to me that when things like this can happen it is time for the parents of sparrows and other feathered songsters to inculcate some of the old-fashioned virtues in their offspring. When I was young, sparrows ate what they were expected to eat and I think they should still do so. On the other hand, this one gave us at least two cents' worth of entertainment. Maybe he figured that evened things out and left us a small profit.



## Footnote on Vermont

SO FAR as population goes Vermont never has been a boom state. A hundred years ago it had 314,120 people. In 1940 it had 359,231. This year's census gives it 375,830. Thus there has been a gain of 61,710 in 100 years, of which 16,599 occurred during the past ten years. We (I say "we" because I was born in Vermont) just don't let people in unless they meet rigid requirements. To be permitted to be born in Vermont, or to migrate and settle there, a

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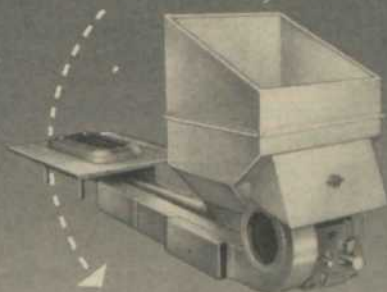
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person has to have a noble character, a dry but not too dry sense of humor and a habit of paying his debts. It is not true that he has to be a Republican. In the last presidential election about 37.5 per cent of the Vermont electorate voted Democratic. I imagine, however, that steps would be taken if too many Democrats got in, just as steps also would be taken if too many Republicans appeared in Georgia.

A dispatch from Burlington, Vt., informs me that there are still more cows in Vermont than people but that the human population is beginning to overtake the cow population. In 1940 each Vermonter had an average of about 1.2 milk cows. Now he has an average of only about 1.08 cows. Clearly the old state is growing a bit less rural. But there is still a lot of empty space there, and now and then a cow coming down to the pasture gate in the late afternoon and bawling to be milked.



### Mama Bear, etc.

MY MATERNAL aunt used to tell bear stories to us children when we visited that somehow enchanted house where she and my grandmother lived. Sometimes the stories were about the same family of bears and sometimes not, but there was always a bear in them somewhere. Their great charm was, as I now realize, that they were not true—they were, in fact, what wise and snooty persons today call "escape" fiction. I rejoice to learn that the library and park people in New York City have been putting on storytelling sessions for children, and no doubt this has happened in other cities. Children have to face facts, just like the rest of us. It is a good thing for them, now and then, to face a few appealing fancies. If I were small enough I'd like to listen in on those modern bear stories.

### Nine days to Detroit

YOU can go from New York to Detroit these days in an airplane almost before you have time to take your hat off. A train will take you there overnight and a

determined individual in a motor-car can do it in a day and a half—or, if he is bent on killing himself, in a day. Eric J. Schmidt was starting out this summer to do it in about nine days.

Schmidt is the happy owner of an 88 year old, 55 foot, gaff-rigged craft called a pungy, once used as a blockade runner during the unpleasantness between the states. It was his thought, with a crew of five guests and a 92 horsepower engine, to proceed by way of the Erie Canal. I envy him. I am always glad to read of such adventures. As often as possible in these days of high speeds somebody ought to walk somewhere, or ride a bicycle, a horse or a camel, just to show that some members of the human race have their placid moments. We need speed and I wouldn't be without it. But we need a little slowness, too, for our souls' sake.

### An ancient art revives

A CENTURY and more ago, as I gather from reading the lives and letters of famous persons, people wrote more letters than they do now. Men such as Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Franklin wrote thousands and thousands of them. As the speed of transmission increased, the number of letters—real letters, I mean, not business forms—decreased. Only one of my friends that I can think of at the moment really discusses things of general interest, and at length, by mail. I enjoy his letters and feel guilty when I typewrite brief notes in reply. But I am hoping that the art of writing such epistles will revive as, owing to recent reforms in the Post Office Department, the speed of transmission decreases. By the time it takes two weeks for mail to go from Westport, Conn., to Washington, D. C., the grand old art of conversing on paper may have come into its own again.



### Noise and civilization

THE MUNICIPAL Council of Rome, Italy, has been conducting a noise-abatement campaign, as have, no doubt, the municipal authorities of Rome, N. Y., Rome,



Ga., and other cities. The Council is especially eager to keep things quiet between 10 p.m. and 7 a.m., when some, but not all, Romans like to sleep. I sympathize with such efforts but I am not sure they will succeed. Nor, though I am country-born and love quiet, am I sure they ought to succeed.

I recall reading that there was an antinoise campaign in Rome during the time of the emperors. A particularly noisy noise in those days was that caused by farmers' wagons rolling into town in the dim wee hours over cobblestones. This was hard to suppress because the Roman population, as is well known, demanded its bread and circuses. The problem was not wholly solved, I believe, until Rome fell. After that Rome dwindled to a handful of people living among the ruins and was quiet enough, except for the howling of the wolves. Pompeii is quiet, too, to this very day. I suspect civilization and noise go together, and that if we stopped all the unnecessary singing, caterwauling and miscellaneous discords we might stop civilization, also. I'm sure we wouldn't want that to happen.

### Eheu fugaces!

THE summer theatre which I have been frequenting this season put in an air-conditioning system. I do not complain. I like to be comfortable. But I feel a little homesick, too, for the old days when if one didn't care for the play one could amuse oneself catching moths which had flitted in through open doors and windows. And when the first patron entering for the evening performance was as likely as not to pass the last cow going out. *Eheu fugaces*, as the old Roman said! Meaning, wasn't it nice when all we had for light was tallow candles and we were all young.

### Time to smile

THESE are trying and perilous times in which we live. If there is not much echo of them in these paragraphs it is because I believe we need to rest up from them now and then. Life goes on, laughter goes on, even in besieged cities, and if there is cruelty in the world there is kindness, too. On the stage, in the movies, on the radio, on the printed pages of newspapers, magazines and books I hope we can often get away from the great, booming issues of our generation and find time, unashamed, to smile.



## It's time we got **TOUGH**...

IS YOUR community on the sucker list of solicitations rackets? Every time one of these phony do-good organizations starts ringing doorbells, you can figure \$100 a day take for it . . . dollars that ought to be spent on real community needs.

It's time somebody made your town too tough for these racketeers. That somebody could be your chamber of commerce. It isn't a branch of the FBI, but it can have a solicitation and credentials service, as many chambers do. So if you want to clamp down on the bunko boys, take your kick to your chamber. A membership is the only license you'll need.

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*It's not always easy to solve every problem, but it is always easy to get help. All you need is to be on the team. Ask your chamber of commerce executives for your kicker's license.*

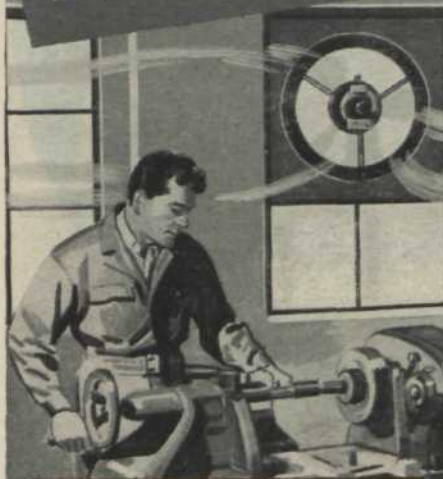
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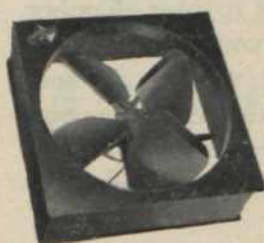
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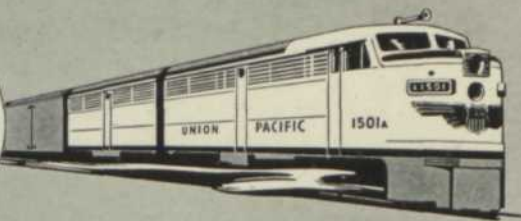
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